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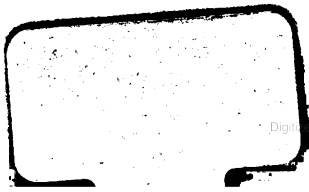
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*Sally Fano
Providence
1821*

MEMOIRS

OF

FREDERICK

AND

MARGARET KLOPSTOCK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

George Smith

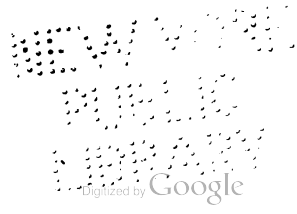
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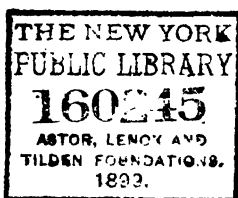
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE translations contained in this volume, with the exception of a few pages, were finished by **MISS SMITH** in the year 1805; and the Preface was read and approved by her. Some letters in **Mr. Klopstock's** publication are omitted, to avoid repetition; as well as several passages in those which are inserted in this collection; particularly such as contain remarks on the Messiah, as it was thought they would appear dry and uninteresting to those who are unacquainted with that admirable poem. In taking the liberty to omit such parts of the work as seemed least likely to please the English reader, the Editor only fulfils the request of her lamented friend, as expressed in her letters on this subject.*

Bath, Dec. 1808.

* See Fragments, p. 177.

PREFACE.

THE Letters of MARGARET KLOPSTOCK, printed in the correspondence of Mr. Richardson, have been so much admired, that I flatter myself the volume now offered to the public will want no other recommendation, than an assurance that it contains the genuine writings of that most amiable woman, which were published at Hamburg in the year 1759, by her afflicted husband. To the translation of that publication is prefixed an account of the life and writings of Mr. Klopstock, with some letters and papers which tend to illustrate the character of that great poet.

Klopstock, the Milton of Germany, the pride of his country, whose piety and virtue, still more than his talents, made him an honour to human nature,—Klopstock is scarcely known in England; while on the stage, and in the clo-

set, the principles and morals of the rising generation are corrupted by an inundation of German literature, in which the boldest flights of genius, the noblest sentiments, and the most interesting feelings, are too often employed to betray the unsuspecting heart. Many an admirable pen has been employed to counteract the mischiefs which such writings are calculated to produce, and may success attend their labours! I have taken a different path in order to attain the same end, and will endeavour to make vice odious, by exhibiting virtue in her genuine form. I offer to the public no imaginary characters, but a picture drawn from the life. Klopstock is not here presented to the reader as the first poet of the age, but as one of the best and most amiable of men; the tenderest husband, and the kindest friend. But this is not all: he appears in a far higher character. Fallen in an instant from the height of human felicity, called to resign such a blessing as few of his fellow mortals ever possessed,—his exalted mind seemed marked by providence to show the triumph of genuine christianity. In this little collection of letters, we penetrate into the deepest recesses of his heart: we see how much he loved and was beloved. His warm imagina-

tion and acute feelings made him peculiarly susceptible of pleasure and of pain. Blest with the hand and heart of one of the most excellent of women, he was in every respect "happy past the common lot:" when he was called to prove to the world that no trial is too great for christian fortitude to support. With hopes always fixed on the invisible world, he looked forward to that happy moment, when those who have been separated on earth shall meet again in heaven to part no more.

"Strong in this hope, his comforters he comforts."

YOUNG.

The love of GOD which glowed in his heart, taught him to rest with filial confidence on His supporting hand, fully convinced that all will work together for good to those who feel *that* love as it ought to be felt by a christian. To the cold scepticism which now assumes the venerable name of philosophy, his sentiments may perhaps appear absurd and irrational. To such philosophers every thing which *they* do not believe is superstition, every thing which *they* do not feel is enthusiasm. But leaving them to the darkness which they prefer to the clear light of revelation, I wish to obviate ob-

jections which may possibly be made, by very sincere and pious christians, to some of the sentiments expressed by Klopstock and his Margaret with regard to the nature and employment of the Angels, and the state of the soul after death. On subjects which are placed so far beyond the reach of human reason, and on which the word of GOD gives us only such information as is calculated to animate our hopes, but not to gratify our curiosity, it may perhaps be thought improper to indulge the imagination in groundless and unfounded speculations; and Letters from the Dead to the living, or from the Living to the Dead, may be received with a smile of contempt, or with a frown of disapprobation. From this hasty decision I venture to appeal to those, and those *only*, whose hearts have felt the pain of losing what they fondly loved, and who are supported by the hope of an eternal union in a happier world. Such readers (and in this vale of tears there are many such) will view with indulgence the little arts by which the mourner tried to soothe his grief. They will not suppose that he expected his letters should really be read by his departed wife, but they will feel what he felt, and willingly yield to a sweet illusion.——

It is true that we know little of the invisible world, of the happy spirits who surround the throne of the Great Creator, or of the state of those who are released from the corruptible body, and from all the sorrows of life; but do we therefore doubt their existence? and is it criminal to indulge the thoughts which are so natural to the heir of immortality, and to conjecture what certainly we cannot prove? We know from the highest authority, that there are ministering spirits, sent to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation; and it seems not improbable that they may, as Klopstock supposes, be peculiarly attached to individuals, and being united to them by a friendship, of which earthly attachments give us only an imperfect idea, that they may be employed to protect and guard the objects of their care. This is "a doctrine, which has prevailed more or less in every age of the church, which is without question most soothing and consolatory to human nature, and is certainly countenanced by several passages of holy writ, as well as by the authority of Origen, Tertullian, and other eminent fathers and commentators."* This opinion is likewise

* Lectures on the Gospel of St. Matthew, by Bishop Porteus, vol. ii. p. 82, 83.

supported by Grotius, Bishop Andrews, Bishop Horne,* and other eminent divines; and it is not censured by one of the brightest luminaries of our own age and nation, whose words I have just quoted; and who adds, with the mild wisdom, and truly Christian liberality, so conspicuous in all his writings, "No one that cherishes this notion can be charged with weakness or superstition; and if it should be at last an error, it is (as Cicero says of the immortality of the soul) so delightful an error, that we cannot easily suffer it to be wrested from us."

We know that when the body returns to the earth as it was, the spirit returns to God who gave it; and it is a pleasing thought, that friends thus separated from us by death may still watch over us with tender concern, may still behold, and perhaps assist, our humble endeavours to perform the will of Him who reserves for us such happiness as they now enjoy. We may be mistaken in this idea; but it seems to be an innocent illusion; and it has afforded comfort to many wretched mourners, on whom unfeeling scepticism has no comfort to bestow.

* See his admirable Sermon on the Existence and Employment of Angels, vol. iv. p. 311.

Such speculations tend to disengage us from sensual pleasures, and to strengthen our connexion with the invisible world; they animate our exertions to attain the happiness which is not to be found in this life, and they reconcile us to those dispensations of Providence which often call us to resign our highest enjoyments, and our most virtuous attachments; which command us to forsake *all*, and follow Him, who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross. That such was their effect on the exalted mind of Klopstock, must be evident to all who are acquainted with his writings;— and if this little publication should increase the number of those who study his works with the attention they deserve, I flatter myself that I am doing an important service to my country; and (to borrow the words of the elegant translator of Oberon) that not the lovers of poetry only, but whoever loves his neighbour, and adores his GOD, will owe no trivial obligation to the editor who makes him better acquainted with the author of “The Messiah.” This I will endeavour to do by throwing together such particulars as I have been enabled to collect, of the life, the character, and the sentiments, of this extraordinary man.

Of his lovely and accomplished wife it is unnecessary to say more than that she was, as Cr amer calls her, "Klopstock in feminine beauty." Her picture has been already presented to the English reader, drawn by her own hand, in her letters to Richardson, with such enchanting softness, and such beautiful simplicity, that it is superfluous to add any thing on the subject. Those letters show what she was while she was the happy wife of Klopstock; and some of those which are now presented to the public, will show what she was in the last dreadful moments of her life; when, with a martyr's firmness, she resigned her pure and virtuous spirit into the hands of her Creator.

MEMOIRS*

OF

Mr. KLOPSTOCK.

FREDERICK GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK was born in Quedlinburg, July 2, 1724. He was the eldest of eleven children; six sons, and five daughters. His father, who was a magistrate of Quedlinburg, and afterwards farmed the bailiwick of Friedeburg, was a singular character; but with some peculiarities, he possessed many virtues; and united great goodnature with extreme uprightness of principle, and uncommon

* Compiled from papers which were communicated by Dr. Mumssen, and translated by Miss Smith, to which are added extracts from "Klopstock Er und über ihn," by Professor Cramer; Hamburg, 1780: and from a Life of Klopstock, published in the Monthly Magazine.

firmness and resolution. His eccentricities appear to have had no serious influence on the education of young Klopstock. He left the powers of his body and mind to unfold themselves freely, unrestrained by severity; and his boyish years flowed on in an uninterrupted stream of happiness, resulting from a proper distribution of his time between serious business and innocent relaxation. In a beautiful country, on the banks of the Saal, the poet passed his early years, under the guidance of a private tutor. He was employed during some hours every day in learning the elements of the languages, and he devoted the remaining part of his time, with youthful ardour, to athletic exercises. When he was fit for a public school, in his thirteenth year, his father took him to the gymnasium at Quedlinburg. Here Klopstock passed three years, unmarked by fame, and rather unfolding his corporeal than his mental powers: but the remembrance of those unfettered years afforded him, ever after, the sweetest enjoyment. Even in his old age, he intreated all his friends who travelled through Quedlinburg, to visit the play-yard where he had enjoyed those early pleasures which are never

forgotten, and which he loved to describe even to the minutest circumstance.

It appears that while he attended the gymnasium, he had in some degree neglected his studies, for when speaking of his intended removal to the college, he says, "My father now represented to me that I must be particularly industrious, as the time of my remaining at the college would depend upon the success of my first examination, and on the consequent rank which I should obtain in the classes. I followed his advice, and again assiduously applied myself to Latin and Greek; and I still remember how frequently I walked up and down my garret in the heat of the sun, and studied in the sweat of my brow." His introduction at the college is thus described by Mr. Cramer. 'His father now took him to the college, and the examination was arranged. The rector conducted him into an apartment, and gave him an exercise to write, leaving with him Weismann's Lexicon, and a grammar. It was to be completed in three hours, and then he was to ring the bell; but he rung before the appointed time. The rector appeared: "Is it finished already?" said he; then cast his eye over it and sent him into the play-ground, where the scholars assembled,

as usual, to welcome and to ridicule the new comer. One of the elder ones came to him with a scornful air, and said, "K-l-o-p-Klopstock, is that your name?" Upon which his uncommon name was immediately echoed and reechoed, and laughed at. This enraged him, and going up to the boy, with a menacing air and stern look, he answered, "Yes, my name is Klopstock:" and from this time he was never assailed with any raillery, particularly as the rector highly applauded his exercise, and immediately gave him the highest place in the third class.

Klopstock was in his sixteenth year when he proceeded from the gymnasium to the college, where his character as a man and as a poet began to be displayed in a very advantageous point of view. The rector Freytag deserves particular notice amongst his teachers: he elucidated the ancients with a precision and taste which were very rare at that time: he sought to make his scholars familiar, not only with the language, but with the spirit of the writer. Under this gentleman the industrious youth acquired perfect knowledge of the classics, entered into all the beauties of the ancient authors, and while he followed with rapture the bold

flights of their original genius, he fed a flame within himself which was soon to burst forth in full lustre. He read few books, but they were the best; and he read with acute discrimination and unwearied attention. Virgil was his favourite poet; and while he saw in him the model of perfect beauty, he felt a strong impulse to imitate him. He applied himself very diligently to compositions both in prose and verse; and some pastorals, according to the fashionable taste of the time, preceded one of the noblest plans that ever entered the soul of a poet.

At this early period of his life, Klopstock formed the resolution of writing an epic poem, which till then had not existed in the German language. He tells us himself how this idea arose in his mind. His enthusiastic admiration of Virgil; the glory he promised himself in being the first who should produce a work like the *Æneid* in the language of his native country; the warmth of patriotism which early animated him to raise the fame of German literature in this particular to a level with that of other European countries; the just indignation he felt in reading the works of a Frenchman, who had denied to the Germans any talent for poetry; all combined; with the consciousness of his own

superiōr powers, to spur him on to the execution of his exalted plan.

In his beautiful oration on quitting the college at Quedlinburg, after a very ingenious dissertation on the state of poetry in Germany, he expresses his idea of the talents requisite for the composition of an epic poem, in the following words. "If amongst our present poets there may not be one who is destined to embellish his native country with this honour; hasten to arise, O glorious day, which shall bring such a poet to light! And thou sun which shall first behold, and with mild beams enlighten him, approach! May virtue, and wisdom, with the celestial Muse, nurse him with the tenderest care! May the whole field of nature be displayed before him, and the whole magnificence of our adorable religion! To him may even the range of future ages be no longer wrapt in impenetrable darkness! And by these instructors may he be rendered worthy of immortal fame, and of the approbation of God himself, whom above all he will praise!" On this passage Cramer makes the following observation. 'How much would any other person have found to say of himself on this occasion; but he, with his whole plan in his head

and in his heart, and a determined resolution to execute it, and to be that poet of whom he here speaks;—he says *nothing*.’ Klopstock was long undecided in the choice of his subject. He sought out some hero in the German history, and had once fixed on the emperor Henry, the founder of the freedom of his native city;* but after choosing and rejecting many different subjects, he at last formed the plan of his Messiah; and this preference was given even before he was acquainted with Milton, whose *Paradise Lost* became, soon after that period, his favourite and almost uninterrupted study.

An interesting account of Klopstock, when very young, was inserted in Bodmer’s *Letters on Criticism*, and reprinted by Cramer, in the year 1780, with the approbation of the poet. Mr. Cramer speaks of it in the following manner. ‘I think it cannot be wrong to insert here this letter of our excellent Bodmer, since it is very worthy to be known, and is in a collection of pieces which are no longer read.

* Henry the first, surnamed the Fowler, who began to reign in the year 920. He conquered the Huns, and afterwards made a successful war on the Venedi, who inhabited Saxony. He died in 936.

Klopstock himself is, I know, well satisfied with it; and it is very remarkable that Bodmer should have drawn such an animated portrait of him previous to their personal acquaintance. I can venture to assert, that if we devest this representation of mere fiction and ornament, we shall find much truth which Bodmer has blended with it.'—From this account I venture to make a few extracts, omitting conversations which are probably fictitious.

“In his father’s library are many sermons, and ten Bibles, but not a single poet. He soon distinguished the Bible from all the rest, still more through his own taste, than on account of his father’s earnest recommendations. He made it his constant pocket companion, not merely as a duty, but for pleasure. While yet in his childhood, he was so well acquainted with the phraseology of the Hebrew language, and the figurative manner of representing things, which he found in that book, that he used it unknown to himself, wherever he would express any thing with earnestness.—In a walk with his father, in a fine spring morning, before he was quite fourteen years old, they had sat down under an oak, and a cool western breeze blew on them. His first words were, ‘All around

the oak receives us in his shadow. Soft airs breathe on us, like a whisper of the presence of God.' Then again he said, 'How peaceful grows the tender moss, here on the cool earth! The hills lie round about in lovely twilight, as though new made, and blooming like Eden.'

"At that time the strong representations of inanimate nature, which he found in the poetical books of Job and the Prophets, affected him most deeply, and he was often heard, when he awoke in the morning, repeating whole chapters with a strong accent, as a poet might do who was reciting his own work. The descriptions were so strongly impressed on his mind, that when the things themselves came before his eyes, he would often say they were not new to him; he had already *seen* them in the Psalms and the Prophets. When he approached to manhood, the pathetic passages took the same strong hold on his heart, as the glittering and magnificent images had before taken on his fancy. A promise that fallen man should find mercy, drew tears from his eyes; a trace of the immortality of the soul threw him into a transport of gratitude. Religion did not remain a mere speculation of the brain; it was a clear view of the greatness and glory of the Messiah;

it was the pure feeling of love and grateful adoration. From this turn of mind sprung a style of writing full of poetry, before he had ever seen a verse, or knew any thing of prosody. He was a poet, while neither he nor his father suspected it. I have seen a letter he wrote, before he had attained his seventeenth year, to a youth of his own age, who seems to have been his only intimate acquaintance: it contained the following expressions. 'My friend! image of my mind! whom an invisible Son of Heaven raises up, with me, to higher hopes than those of the human herd; dost thou look on the tender youth of our friendship with that cheerful eye, which makes the innocence of youthful days cloudless like the days of eternity? What dost thou feel in the expressions wherewith thy noble heart consecrates to thy friend, more than merely a verbal friendship? Let us so ennoble it by the rectitude of our minds, that He who pours down his blessings from heaven, may look with pleasure on it.' "

In the autumn of the year 1745, Klopstock left the college at Quedlinburg, and removed to the university at Jena. His intention was to study theology, but the dull disputes of scholastic divines did not accord with the state of

his mind at that period. He wanted no evidence to prove the truth of a religion which had taken entire possession of his heart, and he could not listen with patience to the cavils of infidels, or the cold reasonings of metaphysicians; and after a tedious half year, the ardent youth, whose mind was accustomed to better nourishment, removed with his relation Schmidt to the university of Leipsic.

During the few months spent at Jena, he had, however, in the stillness of his closet, been realizing some part of his intended plan by tracing out the three first cantos of the Messiah. He composed these three cantos in prose, but his performance greatly displeased him. He was fired with a laudable indignation at feeling himself so inferior in harmony to his great models Homer and Virgil. Lost in his own reflections, he would frequently wander up and down the country round Jena, and in one of these solitary walks he came to a determination to imitate the great poets of antiquity in the structure of their verse. In a few hours he completed a page of hexameters, and from that time decided on composing his poem in this measure. Thus he was the first who introduced into German poetry a metre which was

supposed to be unattainable in that language, and he afterwards triumphantly defended this mode of versification, both by example and argument.

In the spring of the year 1746, he carried with him to Leipsic the three first books of the *Messiah*, which astonished and delighted a few ingenious friends to whom he showed them. Amongst these early friends of Klopstock were Cramer, Gärtner, Schlegel, Giesecke, Zacharia, Gellert, and Rabener. Schmidt, the relation as well as the bosom friend of the poet, had accompanied him to Leipsic. These young favourites of the Muses had formed themselves into a literary society, in order to improve their taste by mutual criticisms on their various essays, of which the best were printed in a paper entitled "*Bremen Contributions.*" Klopstock was admitted into their small society, and the *Messiah* was made known to them in consequence of a scene which is thus described by Mr. Cramer. "In Klopstock's apartment the *Messiah* first came to light. After the first compliments between him and my father, Schmidt proceeded immediately to the execution of a plan he had formed. He turned the discourse to literary subjects, spoke of the English with ex-

cessive praise, and then adverted to the Germans, and particularly to the contributors,* of whom he spoke in the manner that induced my father to take the part of his friends, but with the greatest moderation, according to his well known character. He said, they knew very well that they were not perfect, but they endeavoured to become so. They employed all possible severity of criticism towards themselves; they Schmidt interrupted him, and said, with a smile, "Yes, yes, severity of criticism is very well; but genius, not one German possesses that; the English,—the English." My father was preparing to reply, when Klopstock, who till then had been only a spectator, grew warm and interposed. 'Dear Mr. Cramer, what will you think of my friend? But he only pretends to insult you. When you shall become more acquainted with his manner, you will find that he is not in earnest.' "What, (cried Schmidt,) does he say so? Do not believe him. He is the most severe critic amongst us. If you did but know how malicious he is!" Then starting up, with an arch look, and a firm grasp, he drew the manuscript of the Messiah out of

* The Literary Society who published the Bremen Contributions.

a chest. "There, there, (said he,) now you shall hear *something*." The affair now became serious. Klopstock, whose plan of secrecy was at once overturned by this treachery, sprung up, his countenance glowing, and said, 'Schmidt; I do not know you at this moment.' He struggled with him, endeavouring to snatch away the manuscript; but Schmidt, who became more and more resolute, paid no regard to his opposition, kept him off with one hand, and with the other held up the papers, like Cæsar when he swam across the Nile. My father, whose curiosity was now strongly excited, entreated; Klopstock protested; but Schmidt began to read. Still however Schmidt contrived a little mischief; for though he usually read well, he now took pains to do it ill, that he might if possible induce my father to find fault with the work, or at least to listen coldly, in order that his own triumph over the contributors might be complete. But my father was too sharp-sighted to be deceived. Scarcely had Schmidt read one page, before he interrupted him with much animation. 'Mr. Schmidt, I must tell you, that should be read quite in a different manner.' "You have taken the words out of my mouth, (said Klopstock;) and now,

Schmidt, since the secret is betrayed, give it to me. I will read it myself." He now took courage, and read the whole first canto, and he particularly excelled in reading hexameters. The termination of this adventure may easily be imagined. Hostilities with Schmidt were presently laid aside; my father received the poem as it ought to be received, expressed to Klopstock his warmest approbation, and said there was a society of friends, to whom it would afford the greatest pleasure, if he might be permitted to impart it to them, and that it should remain a secret with them. The heart of our dear friend was already gained, and he consented. My father took the poem first to Gärtner, then to the others, and in consequence was sent, by them all, with an invitation to Klopstock to join their society. He accepted it. They regarded each other at the first moment as friends, and they were really so, for amongst such beings tedious ceremonies are useless."

In the two following years he produced many excellent odes, which, together with the three cantos of the Messiah, appeared at first in the Bremen Contributions. It may with truth be observed, that at this period Germany was not prepared for the reception of a poet of so su-

perior a cast; the public taste was not sufficiently formed to relish the lofty flight of Klopstock's genius; but his cantos were read with the highest warmth of admiration by those who possessed a genuine taste for poetry, and their applause was sufficient to animate the poet in the prosecution of his sublime plan.

Klopstock's residence at Leipsic became unpleasant to him after he had lost his chosen friends, who gradually left the university. The warm and tender attachment that bound him to this estimable circle in Leipsic, formed one of the sweetest recollections of his past life, on which he dwelt with peculiar pleasure even in his old age. ~~When he afterwards contem-~~plated in pensive sadness each of these beloved friends sinking successively into the grave before him, his only comfort was the remembrance of what they had once been to him, and the prospect of what they would be in a happier world.

In the course of the year 1748, Klopstock left Leipsic, to reside at Langensalza, in the house of a relation named Weiss, whose children he undertook to instruct. This is an interesting period in the life of Klopstock, as he now became acquainted with the beautiful sis-

ter of his friend Schmidt, who is the subject of some of his most admired poems, in which she is distinguished by the name of Fanny. He never had courage to make proposals of marriage, as he thought he had no prospect of success, and the lady was soon afterwards united to another. Many of his odes and elegies, as well as his letters to Bodmer, prove the purity and ardour of this youthful passion; and the pain of not seeing himself beloved, added to the influence of severe application on his health, conspired to throw him into a deep melancholy, which lasted for some time, and threw a dark colouring over all his poetic effusions. It is probably to this period of Klopstock's life that Mr. Cramer alludes, when, speaking of his cheerful disposition in the latter part of his life, he makes the following observations. "I could wish to know from what cause it arises, that in many persons who are remarkable for sensibility, and strong powers of imagination, precisely at that period of life when the body is in its greatest vigour, and the animal spirits are the most lively; when the prospect of all the delights of honour and friendship is most fair and blooming, and when the termination of these enjoyments appears at the greatest distance;—

that period is, however, frequently the time of melancholy reflections, of familiarity with the grave, and habitual contemplation of death. This 'Youth for ever,'* whose age even now shines with all the brightness of a fine spring morning, and who, with the well regulated disposition of a wise man, his brow never clouded with melancholy or ill humour, gathers all the flowers of joy, was formerly wrapped in the mourning attire of Young. Never did he more seriously reflect on the instability of all earthly things, or on the importance of eternity. Many times did he *then* dip his pencil in the darkest colours, while on the richest and most beautiful night pieces he painted—death.' This however wore away entirely after a few years, from travelling, agreeable society, constant occupation, increasing fame, and a fresh attachment.

While Klopstock had retired from the world to an obscure retreat, his Messiah excited such a degree of attention, as no other book had ever awakened in Germany. Friends and enemies, admirers and critics, appeared on all

* The 'Youth for ever' was the title given him by some of his intimate friends, as appears by Dr. Murnsen's third letter to the editor.

sides; but its success was owing as much to the sacredness of the subject as to the beauty of the poetry. Young preachers quoted it from the pulpit; and christian readers loved it, as a book that afforded them, amidst the rage of controversy, some scope for devout feeling. By some divines it was condemned as a presumptuous fiction; and the partisans of the grammarian Göttsched raised still greater clamour against the work on account of the language; while the Swiss critics, on the other hand, extolled it to the greatest degree. Bodmer in particular, the translator of Milton, embraced the cause of the German epic bard with enthusiastic ardour, and contributed greatly to accelerate the celebrity of the poem. Klopstock, whose mind was occupied with sublime and original ideas, engaged in none of these disputes, but suffered friends and enemies to write as they pleased, while he was silent, and followed the bent of his genius.

In the summer of the year 1750, Klopstock went to Zurich, on an invitation from Bodmer, at whose house he resided, and with whom he had previously carried on a correspondence. Some of his letters to this excellent friend will

be found in the following collection. Klopstock was received in Switzerland with the most flattering marks of esteem and respect. The sublime and enchanting beauties of that romantic country, the friendship of some highly cultivated minds, and the uncorrupted manners of that virtuous nation, would perhaps have made him faithless to his native land, had not an unexpected circumstance opened to him very different prospects in life. The good genius of Germany raised up the illustrious Danish count Bernstorff, whose capacious mind traced in the very commencement of Klopstock's work the future glory of the poet. The three first cantos had been presented to him at Paris, where he resided as Danish ambassador, and he immediately resolved to take the author under his patronage. By count Bernstorff Klopstock was recommended to the favourite minister of Frederick V. and through him to the king himself, by whom he was invited to reside at Copenhagen, on a pension which set him above pecuniary cares, and left him at liberty to complete the Messiah. This entitled the Danish monarch to the noble ode in which Klopstock dedicated to him his sublime poem,

and gratitude attached him to his new country.*

It was in the spring of the year 1751, that Klopstock quitted his beloved Switzerland, and travelled through Saxony to Denmark. He visited his relations at Quedlinburg, and some of his academical friends at Brunswick; and at Hamburg he first saw the lovely and accomplished Margareta Möller, who afterwards made him the happiest of men. An interesting account of the progress of this attachment will be found in Mrs. Klopstock's letters to Richardson; and the letters of her friends, after the fatal event which put a period to the poet's shortlived felicity, with his own account of her character, and some fragments of her writings, form the principal contents of the following pages.

After his first meeting with this lady, Klopstock continued his journey to Copenhagen, where he lived in the enjoyment of tranquillity and leisure, beloved and respected by all who

* It appears however that his friends thought him idle; for in a letter to Cramer, dated May 6, 1755, Rabener says, "How is Klopstock? Here people think he is dead. If we do not receive the promised book at the present fair, I shall be of opinion that it is not right for kings to give pensions to great geniuses."

were friends to science and virtue. Here he studied the works of Young and Richardson. With the former he kept up a correspondence, and addressed to him an ode, which is strongly expressive of esteem and admiration. The letters which constantly passed between him and his beloved Margaret, knit still closer the bonds of affection; but domestic circumstances obliged them to delay their union to a distant period. In the year 1752, the king having determined to spend the summer in Holstein, Klopstock took that opportunity to return to the object of his affection at Hamburg, and consecrated this happy interval to love and the muses. To this circumstance we are indebted for his captivating songs to his Margaret, under the title of Cidli, the name which he had given to Jairus's daughter in the Messiah. His matrimonial alliance was, however, still deferred, and he was obliged to leave her once more, in order to return with the king to Copenhagen, where he continued during the whole of the following year. In the summer of the year 1754, he travelled again to Hamburg; and at length, on the 10th of June, he was united to the amiable object of his affection. After his marriage he went with his bride to Quedlinburg; and it

was there that, after a severe illness, he wrote his celebrated Ode on Recovery. But he enjoyed for a very short time the bliss of conubial affection; in the year 1758, the beloved partner of his heart died in childbed, and his affliction may be more easily imagined than described. He cherished the remembrance of this charming woman to the last moment of his life, and always found a melancholy pleasure in visiting her grave in the village of Ottensen, near Hamburg, where he directed that his own remains should be placed by her side.

The afflicted heart of Klopstock still hung on his protector and friend, count Bernstorff; and he made Copenhagen his residence, till that great man resigned his office in the year 1771. After this period the poet returned to Hamburg, where he still enjoyed a pension from the king of Denmark, by whom he was much esteemed and loved. In 1775, the margrave Frederick of Baden sent him a pressing invitation to Carlsruh, where he remained about a year, and then returned to Hamburg, at which place he resided during the remainder of his life.

Notwithstanding the serious turn of mind which pervades the writings of this great poet,

he was fond of society, and very lively and agreeable. His countenance (as I am informed by one of his friends) was extremely pleasing, though not remarkably handsome. His eyes were blue, full of animation, but chiefly expressive of softness and benevolence. His voice was uncommonly sweet; and when he first addressed a stranger, it was in a low, gentle, *intreating* tone, till by degrees he commanded his whole attention by the spirit and energy of his conversation. Animated with all the fire of genius, but always gentle and unassuming, there was no harshness in his look or manner; nor were his extraordinary talents marked by any strong lines, or remarkable expression of countenance; so that where he was not known, his figure would probably have attracted no notice, till he entered into conversation. His character is thus described by his friend Sturtz. "Klopstock is always cheerful in company, and possesses an unabating vivacity: He often adorns a trifling thought with all the richness of his poetic powers. He is never severe in ridicule, nor positive in argument, but expresses his opinions with great modesty, and listens attentively to the opposite sentiments of others. Equally remote from the servility of

the courtier, or the superciliousness of vulgar pride, he never loses sight of the *man* in the splendor or the meanness of his situation; he esteems birth highly, but real merit still more. In the polite circles of insipidly fine people, unmarked by any stamp of character, Klopstock is never to be found; he prefers the humbler and more substantial enjoyment of domestic friendship, heightened by the surrounding charms of nature in rural seclusion. I have often been delighted at seeing him pass by amidst a crowd of young people, by whom he is almost always surrounded, and who appeared highly gratified at being in his company. In painting, he loves only what delineates life, deep thought, and speaking expression; in music, only what affects the heart. One of his favourite amusements is skating, and he has recommended it with enthusiasm. This amusement had once nearly proved fatal to him. The ice broke, and his life was exposed to very serious danger; but he was saved by his noble friend count Bernstorff."

Klopstock's merit as a poet is now universally acknowledged by all who are capable of forming any judgment on the subject. His di-

vine songs breathe the genuine spirit of christianity; zeal in the cause of truth, fervent piety, and active benevolence. All is grand, sublime, and original. His Messiah has raised the fame of his native country in the highest department of epic poetry to a level with that of every other nation. Such at least is the opinion of many excellent critics, who share the regret which Klopstock always strongly expressed, that this admirable work has not been translated into the English language in such a manner as it deserves.* From the superior qualities of this

* *Note by Mr. Cramer.*—I was acquainted with an Englishman of the name of Eaton, a young man of an excellent understanding, who had made a sufficient progress in the German language to understand Klopstock's poetry, and to be an enthusiastic admirer of him. As he had been consul at Bassora, and had made many voyages to the Levant, Arabic and Persic were as familiar to him as his mother tongue. He related to me a singular anecdote respecting the effect of the Messiah. He once attempted to translate to an Arabian priest, as accurately as the great difference between the languages would permit, a passage in a Hymn to CHRIST. He said that it was impossible to describe the attention with which the Arab listened to it. At length the blood rose into his face; he stood up, and exclaimed with vehemence, "Excellent! but Allah pardon him for having so highly exalted the Son." He then begged Mr. Eaton to proceed, and again rose hastily, with a sort of indignant admiration, continually repeating, "Alla pardon him, for having so highly exalted the Son."

great poet in the epic style, it is usual to forget his dramatic talents, which are allowed to be considerable, though his tragedies are more fitted for reading than representation. His first tragedy, entitled the Death of Adam, was succeeded by two others, entitled Solomon and David, and by three dramatic pieces, intended to celebrate the German hero Hermann, or Arminius.

I find the following account of "The Death of Adam" in an elegant essay on the German Theatre, by Henry Mackenzie, esq. which was published in the transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburg, vol. 2.

"There is one performance of a singular kind, by a writer whom Germany places by the side of Homer and Milton, Klopstock the author of 'The Messiah.' This is 'The Death of Adam,' written in a dramatic form, though, as the author himself informs us, not meant for representation. The subject, indeed, seems to exclude it from the stage; but the situations, though not of a pleasing, are of a highly interesting kind, and the conceptions and language are marked with that force and sublimity which his countrymen so enthusiastically admire in Klopstock. The angel of death is introduced

as a person in the drama, announcing to Adam his approaching fate. The appearance of this majestic and terrible being is prepared in a manner uncommonly awful and sublime. Adam, and his son Seth, are on the scene. 'The terrors of the ALMIGHTY,' says the father of mankind, 'are upon me: My eyes lose you, my son. What darkly gleaming light rolls before me? Feel'st thou the shaking of this rock? Dost thou hear the trembling of that hill? Upon that hill behold him! Seest thou, my son, the angel of terror!'—" 'Tis night around me," replies Seth, "but I hear the noise of sounding steps!"—The sublimity of this terror, which is conveyed to the ear while invisible to sight, has been felt in the same manner, and is expressed in nearly the same words, by a poet of our own, who, in that passage at least, has touched the lyre with the true energy of a bard. 'Hark!' exclaims the druid in Caractacus,

"Hark! heard you not yon footstep dread,
 "That shook the earth with thundering tread?
 "'Twas Death!"

It will be no disparagement to either of the modern poets, if they shall be thought to have

borrowed the idea from *Œdipus Coloneus* of Sophocles.

“The angel is visible to Adam, and announces his approaching dissolution with the simplicity and solemnity of his function. The signs he gives are the sun descending behind the grove of cedars, and the return of the angel, whose steps shall again shake the earth. ‘Thine eye shall be dim, and thou shalt not see me, but thou shalt hear the rock burst with the noise of thunder,—thou shalt hear, and die!’—The reader is thus prepared for the awful event, and the imagination watches, from scene to scene, the sinking of the sun, and the shaking of the earth, with that anxious expectation, those *minute terrors*, if the expression may be allowed me, which of all circumstances give the strongest emotion to the mind. I take this short notice of the drama in question, because it stands without the pale of theatrical criticism, and because it is the production of a writer who is but little known in this country, though his genius is revered, even to idolatry, in his own.”

In Horn’s “*Critical History of German Poetry and Eloquence*,” printed at Berlin in the

year 1805, are the following remarks on the character and the poetical talents of Klopstock.

“ We may observe in Klopstock three equally excellent traits of character which are displayed in his poems—patriotism, warmth of friendship, and pure religion; and each of these deserves some observations. The poet appeared in Germany at a time, when, unconscious of our own powers, or at least neglecting them, we favoured only foreign productions, and were not restrained from proceeding in that unworthy conduct, even by the insolence with which our neighbours received such adulation. We had accustomed ourselves to consider the poetical compositions of the French as particularly excellent; and whilst one person after another repeated this opinion, all our attempts were imitations of those models; and the bold, national, poetic spirit of former times was regarded with contempt. Klopstock alone had the courage to awaken the attention of his sleeping countrymen, by his noble compositions full of ardour and tenderness; in order that they might resume their ancient force and energy, and that calm dignity, which confides in itself, and is unwilling to borrow from others. He was the man who first animated his native

land with the spirit to attain to that degree of excellence in the higher species of poetry, of which it was capable, and to which it has already attained.

“Friendship inspired Klopstock with many of his finest odes. It is a thought which fills us with the most pleasing sensations, that this man, who must have felt so firm a confidence in himself, yet constantly lived on the sentiments of friendship, and even had the art of warming many cooler hearts with the overflowings of his affection; and although that animated and ardent feeling of friendship should sometimes have deceived him, with regard to the worth of those on whom he bestowed it, yet even they who had the least merit amongst them were capable of appreciating in some degree his elegant and rich mind.

“Klopstock’s piety, in its full extent, as it influenced both his heart and his understanding, may clearly be discovered in his odes, entitled “The Omnipotent,” “The Contemplation of God,” &c. and in the plan of the Messiah. When we contemplate this last in all its dignity and grandeur, and at the same time consider the courage which was requisite in order to adopt it as the subject of an epic poem, we

shall, even on this account alone, bestow on Klopstock the title of a great poet. The reception which the Messiah found in Germany, was adequate to its merits; we congratulated ourselves on a work which the most sacred spirit had inspired, and the admiration which was excited by this extraordinary poet restrained the frivolous criticisms, with which the Göttingen school had presumed to attack his work."

As an additional proof of the justice of these observations on the character of Klopstock, I will here insert the conclusion of the speech which he pronounced when he quitted the college in his twenty-first year. It shows what were the sentiments which animated his heart from youth to age.

"Piety, and the duty of expressing a thankful heart towards Thee, O eternal God, the holiest and the sweetest duty which is imposed on mortal man, now animate and inflame my soul; but at the same time I am confused at the view of thy majesty; I tremble with holy awe; and when I would wish to say much that should be worthy of Thee, I am speechless. I stand far off with down-cast eyes, astonished and immoveable. Yet wherefore do I stand thus?"

Though I am an atom amidst thy works, O thou great Creator, I will fall down and worship. The paths through which Thou leadest man, can by none of us be entirely discovered; but we find in this labyrinth the wisest order, and the highest degree of mercy and love. What wonder do these thoughts raise in me! The soul is averse to receive the conviction that she cannot contemplate herself without being liable to error; but she learns (and that is her greatest happiness) that she cannot err, when convinced of her own ignorance, she believes it to be the highest wisdom to adore Thee, O thou holiest of beings! Delighting to be occupied in the contemplation of Thee, she overflows with pure and sacred joy, and triumphs in the recollection of her dignity and immortal destination, glorious in divine light. This is the greatest blessing, which Thou, O most beneficent of beings, hast conferred upon me. With how much delight and astonishment do I glorify that goodness, which has bestowed on me an enlightened mind, and health, by which I am enabled attentively to contemplate thy fair creation. O best of beings, let me so employ these gifts, that I may by their aid seriously endeavour to acquire piety and virtue.

And finally, to the benefits which thou bestowest on my body, O grant stability; and to those which my immortal soul has received, eternity.

“ And you, my most beloved friends, may with reason expect from me some expression of gratitude; since I have acquired much, and much that is excellent, in your society. I have always attentively studied you as a book; I have often dwelt long even on the most insignificant pages, and have repeatedly perused them with such unwearied diligence, that the greatest part of their contents remains for ever impressed on my memory. If I read with a strong spirit of investigation, reproach me not; for if it were in my power to confer honour on you, this would redound to your honour. Many books weary me in the reading; and those must be very excellent which I allow myself to read a second time. But why should I dwell so long on this comparison? I behold you, speak to you, and call you friends. You have seen, and will see, many in your society, of more exalted talents and learning; but none who could more carefully observe your conduct, or more delight in your society, than myself.

“ And finally, my college, guardian and witness of this friendship, hail to thee! For ever

shall I remember thee with gratitude; for ever consider and revere thee as the parent of those works, which I have ventured to commence under thy protection!"

The remaining years of the life of Klopstock afford few events. In 1791, when he was in his sixty-eighth year, he married Joannah von Wenthen, who was nearly related to his first wife; and much of the happiness of his cheerful old age was owing to his union with this lady. To the close of life he retained his poetical powers; and his sacred harp still sent forth strains of sublime and heartfelt piety.

Klopstock died at Hamburg, on the 14th of March 1803, in the 80th year of his age, with a firm expectation of happiness beyond the grave. His strong feelings of religion shed a lustre on his last moments, when he displayed a noble example of what he had often sung in his divine poems. He preserved his gentle animation, his fervent piety, and the admirable serenity of his mind, till the close of life. To the last his heart was as warm as ever; and the hopes which had supported him through all his trials, continued unshaken to his last moments. He spoke of death with the most cheerful composure. The pleasing images of immortality

sung by his own lofty muse recurred to his mind in the moment of trial, and whispered comfort to his spirit as it fled.—His soul had been undismayed at the symptoms of decay which increased every year. His strength was greatly diminished in the winter of 1802, but he was still pleased with the visits of his friends. He frequently read his Messiah, but “think not,” he once said to a friend, “that I now read it as a poet; I only occupy myself with the ideas it contains.” His voice was remarkably pleasing, and he repeated his poems with much taste and feeling. To the last he loved to speak of his Meta, and pleased himself with planting white lilies on her grave, because the lily was the most exalted of flowers, and she was the most exalted of women. He did not love to speak of the events which have lately disturbed the world, but turned the discourse with peculiar pleasure to the past scenes of his life. His retentive memory, the liveliness of his imagination, and the elegance as well as force of his language, made his representation of these scenes extremely interesting to his friends.

In the last weeks of his life he secluded himself entirely, even from those who were most dear to him. He sent them many kind messages, but

declined seeing them. Tranquillity of mind, resignation to the will of God, warm emotions of gratitude for the happiness he had enjoyed in life, gentle endurance of the pains of death, a calm prospect of the grave, and joyful expectations of a higher existence, these were now his sensations. The fair form of the angel of death, the exalted view of a better world, which had fired the lofty minded youth to compose his sacred hymns, these now hovered round the head of the aged dying saint. In the 12th canto of the Messiah, he has sung the happy close of a virtuous life with unparalleled grandeur of description. Such christian triumph attended him in the hard struggles of dissolution, which grew more painful on a nearer approach. In the last and severest conflict he raised himself on his couch, folded his hands, and with uplifted eyes pronounced the sacred words so finely illustrated in one of his odes, —“ Can a woman forget her child, that she should not have pity on the fruit of her womb? Yes, she may forget, but I will not forget Thee!” —The struggle was now over, he fell into a gentle slumber, and awoke no more.

A solemn funeral, such as Germany had never

witnessed for any man of letters before, honoured the venerable remains of Klopstock. The following account of the awful ceremony was written by one of his friends, and inserted in a Hamburg newspaper dated March 22, 1803.

“ At ten o'clock this morning, above seventy coaches assembled before the house of the deceased. This respectable train consisted of the diplomatic corps resident in the circle of Lower Saxony, the members of our senate, the ministers of our church, the teachers of the gymnasium and of St. John's, literati, merchants, &c. Notwithstanding the immense concourse of people, amounting to at least fifty thousand in the streets and market-place, all interference of the police was unnecessary. An universal sentiment of awe supplied its place, and imposed silence on an innumerable multitude of people. The procession, preceded and followed by a guard of cavalry and infantry sent by the senate, followed the open hearse, drawn by four horses, on which stood the simple coffin, and proceeded through some of the principal streets to the gate which leads to Altona. At the gate the body was received by the first president of Altona, preceded by ten marshals, and followed by many citizens and

inhabitants, among whom were many members of the senate, as well as celebrated literati, foreign generals, and other persons of distinction. They joined the respectable train from Hamburg, in the following order. An escort of hussars. Two marshals in carriages, with a train of forty-five coaches. Between the marshals went three young ladies, dressed in white, crowned with oak leaves and white roses, and carrying wreaths of roses, myrtle, and laurel. The procession passed through the principal streets of Altona, to the grave in the churchyard of the village of Ottensen. The corpse was everywhere met by open demonstrations of respect and love, and of grief for such an irreparable loss. The guards by whom the procession passed in both towns, paid military honours, and the ships in the harbour had mourning flags. When the procession arrived at the grave, where it was received by music of wind instruments muffled, the coffin was taken off the hearse, carried into the church, and placed before the altar. The noble poem of the Messiah was laid on the coffin. A young man stepped forward, and covered the open book with a laurel crown, while the young ladies from Altona laid theirs on the bier. Then be-

gan the musical celebration performed by above an hundred musicians, together with many female singers from different families in Hamburg. Stanzas and choruses out of Klopstock's paraphrase of the Pater Noster, and his spiritual songs set to music by Romberg and others, and out of Mozart's mourning cantata, resounded through the aisles, and added a melting solemnity to the scene. During a pause in the music, Dr. Meyer took the book from the coffin, and read, from the 12th canto of the Messiah, the description of the death of Mary the sister of Lazarus:—comforting, animating images of death and immortality which had hovered round the deathbed of the pious poet! exalted thoughts of religion with which his soul departed from this world! Then burst forth the chorus, 'Arise, verily thou shalt arise!' during which the coffin was taken up and carried into the churchyard, and after every sacred rite was performed, it was let down into the grave.

“ A noble lime-tree overshadows it. Flowers, the firstlings of the new awakened spring, were scattered over it. Peace, heavenly peace, shall hover over this beloved grave. Ye men of future generations, men of genuine taste and

feeling, ye will make a pilgrimage to this grave, and pay to the manes of a man who was the glory of his age, and the pride of his nation, the offering of admiration and gratitude, which we his friends and contemporaries by this day's ceremony can but faintly express for our dear departed friend."

The letters which the editor had the honour of receiving from the venerable Dr. Mumssen of Altona, to whom she was indebted for almost the whole of the following collection, will furnish some interesting particulars with regard to the character of Klopstock; and it is presumed that they will be more acceptable to the reader, if presented in their original form.

LETTER I.

Altona, near Hamburg,
7th Sept. 1804.

MADAM,

I think myself highly honoured by your letter. It came from a delightful island,* which, though many years ago, I remember well. It was about this time of the year when I visited it, the evening sun and the harvest moon appearing in direct opposition above the horizon, on our walk to Carisbrook Castle. I could have built my château en Espagne in that island, and have made it my residence for ever.

When I observed in the papers the publication of Richardson's correspondence, Mrs. Klopstock's letters occurred to my thoughts, for I remember Richardson's answers.

Very willingly will I look out for such materials as you desire for your friend, if I can meet with such as will be proper for the present time and taste. Klopstock certainly deserves to be more known to the English, not only for his extraordinary genius as a sublime poet, but also for his private virtues and amiable character, for he was the most agreeable

* The Isle of Wight.

companion in private life, and his conversation was pleasant to all ranks and to every age: an excellent classic, and a great scholar in every branch of philosophy. I have lived above forty-five years in intimate and uninterrupted friendship with him. I owe to him some of my honourable connexions in the world; and having been so lucky as to meet with him in my youth, I reaped great benefit from following his principles and moral rectitude. Besides his *Messiah* and odes, &c. he has published several philological writings, in which he appears as a grammarian; and as such, the German language owes to him her resurrection from the barbarous ages. They suppose a reader versed in all the Northern as well as Greek and Latin dialects; and you may judge that even among scholars, the number of such as can profit or be entertained by them cannot be considerable.—I remember that my for ever dear and lamented friend Charles* had begun to translate some of his odes; he who was master of both languages; but I do not know what is become of them. They are nowhere to be found. All that I can send you at present is a collection of *Marga-*

* Charles Manbury, esq. This excellent young man died in the year 1783.

retta Klopstock's letters, &c. and a lecture delivered last year at Quedlinburg, his native place, containing particulars of his education. &c. &c.

P. S. You will excuse when I write not correctly; being so long parted from England, where once I thought myself at home.

LETTER II.

Altona, 7th Nov. 1804.

I will hope, dear madam, that before this letter comes to hand you will have received the materials relating to our divine poet. Should I be so happy to discover any thing more, you shall have it; and in a deluge of books and pamphlets, should something really beautiful and worth your notice appear, which might please you and your young friend, or accommodate the taste of the English, I will very willingly forward it to you.—I have lately been well entertained by a drama, *Polyxene*, worthy of the true spirit of the ancients.—*Regulus*, by Collin, an officer in the imperial service, and *Wilhelm Tell*, by Schiller, I can recommend as productions promoting virtue and religion.

I am in these long evenings reading Hume's History of England, and find very little consolation in comparing the times of Charles I. and those of Louis XVI. There is so much resemblance, that it would surprize many who no more recollect the times past. The revolution of England has at the end proved beneficial to your country: what will be the consequence of that which we have seen, God alone knows! &c.

LETTER III.

Altona, 2d July, 1805.

I am charmed to find that you and your friend are pleased with the materials I have sent. Go on in your laudable endeavour, in spite of those cold hypercritics that are a sad race of men everywhere.

Fanny is the poetical name of Miss Schmidt, a near relative of Klopstock. He never declared his passion to her, for there was no prospect of a nearer union. She was afterwards married to a gentleman whose name I do not remember. The gentle youth, in the prime of life, inspired by religion, and in love with Fanny, applied in vain to Bodmer at Zurich for an employment.

These letters are lately published, and though certainly not intended for the press, they do honour to the feelings of his heart and the ardour of his mind. I intend to send you these letters by the first traveller whom I can entrust with the charge.

We have as yet no biography of Klopstock to my mind. Professor Cramer (son to the late chancellor of the university of Kiel, Klopstock's intimate friend, he that published the *Nordische Aufseher*, a periodical paper in imitation of your *Spectator*) would be the proper person, being acquainted from his youth with Klopstock. He lives at Paris, and I remember that he collected many curious circumstances concerning that extraordinary genius.

Cidli is an imaginary name from the Messiah. Klopstock gave that name to Jairus's daughter, and that of Semida to the youth of Nain. See the episode in the Messiah. In his odes he gives this name to his beloved Margaret Möller. Meta is Margareta contracted.

Klopstock's principal occupation was that of a grammarian, the comparative study of languages with regard to the German. I who saw him every day when in Hamburg, found him always in pursuit of whatever is noble, sublime,

and beautiful. He was a most agreeable companion. We used to call him "den ewigen Jungling," *the youth for ever!* He has lived free all his life time, and has recommended liberty on all occasions. His bardits were intended to rouse the Germans from their apathy, and to inspire them and their princes, even the emperor Joseph himself, with the love of their country. Alas! he was much deceived in these hopes. Things have taken a different turn.—He kept up his gentle spirit, his religious principles, and his serenity of mind, till the end of his life. His obsequies were like those of a great and virtuous prince. Hamburg and Altona joined in the funeral pomp. Mozart's Requiem, and some of his own sacred hymns, were sung in the church of Ottensen, where he was interred under the beautiful lime tree planted on Meta's grave forty years ago, and which I have every day before my eyes. I was present when it was planted.

This morning, July 2d, Klopstock's birthday, some friends came to strew flowers on his grave. Mrs. Hanbury will assemble his old friends at Flotbeck, where I am going to celebrate his memory, for ever dear and sacred!

One of our friends last year read a lecture

before an assembly on some of his odes, in which he followed the progress of his genius through the several stages of life. It is in German, but as it may give pleasure and entertainment to your friend, I will send it with the letters above mentioned. Should I succeed in finding more materials, I will take care to send them in time.

LETTER IV.

Altona, July 24, 1805.

A gentleman of Hamburg will be so good to forward to you the pamphlet mentioned in my last letter, which, as it contains the letters written by our divine poet to Bodmer, will give pleasure both to your friend and yourself. These letters will certainly adorn your collection, and show the world the delicacy of his mind, and the virtue and magnanimity of his heart. I have not yet been able to procure the manuscript of another friend, which will illustrate the progress of his genius through the different periods of his life. I hope to send you the epitaph written by count Frederick Leopold Stolberg, which is to be engraved on the tombstone. Professor Cramer, whose name I

mentioned in my letter, published, twenty years ago, a work entitled "Klopstock, his person, his manners, and character." Should your friend be curious to have it, I may send it by another traveller, &c.

LETTER V.

Altona, Sept. 16, 1805.

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your very kind letter, and think myself very happy in the approbation which the materials relating to Klopstock's character have met with by yourself and your amiable friend. Nothing can equal the pleasure I feel, that under your auspices the author of the *Messiah* will obtain justice in a nation that produced a Milton.

I have desired my bookseller in Hamburg to procure, and direct to you, Cramer's "Klopstock er und über ihn." You will find in it very interesting particulars. You will, besides this, and probably in a few days, receive the small pamphlet composed by Hutwalker, a senator of Hamburg. The author, who was very intimate with Klopstock, and his writings,

has tried to trace the different stages of the divine poet's activity as near as possible from his own words. Mr. Hutwalker not intending this essay for the public, but only for Klopstock's friends, it may be regarded as a manuscript, and it will perhaps be found of service to your design.

A near neighbour and most intimate friend of Klopstock, and thoroughly acquainted with all his writings, has given me the names of those letter writers which you are curious to know.*

All these except Mr. Funke, and the countess dowager Bernstorff, at Weimar, are now no more. One of Klopstock's brothers, Mr. Victor Klopstock, lives in Hamburg. The epigraph will soon follow.

The political state of Europe has taken another turn——. The fate of Germany, should it come to a continental war, will be dreadful.

I recommend you, dear madam, and your country, and all our friends, to **GOD ALMIGHTY**, in whom we trust for ever, &c.

Saturday last, September 28, the tombstone of white Carrara marble was placed on the

* These will appear in their proper place†

grave of our divine poet. It is crowned by two sheaves, and underneath a verse of the Messiah—

“ Seed sown by God, to ripen for the day of harvest.”

In a niche the Celestial Muse, in one arm the cross, her hand on an urn, her eyes and the other hand directed towards heaven. Alto relievo.

THE EPITAPH.

By the side of his Meta and his child, rests
FREDERICK GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK.

He was born July 2d, 1724.

He died March 14, 1803.

Germans, approach with veneration and love
the relics of your greatest poet.

Approach, ye Christians, with grief and heavenly joy,
the resting-place of the sacred songster,

Whose song,—life,—and death,—praised JESUS CHRIST.

He sung to men, in human strains, the Eternal,
the Divine Mediator.

Near the Throne is placed his great reward,
A Golden Holy Cup filled with Christian tears.

His second loving and beloved Spouse,

JOHANNAH ELIZABETH,

Erected this marble to the Guide of her Youth, her Friend,
her Husband.

She waits in tears the hour, that will, where death shall be no more, where the LORD will wipe off the tears of his beloved, unite her with him, and those whom she loved.

Adore HIM, who for us lived, died, and
arose from the dead.

LETTER VI.

Altona, Oct. 29, 1805.

When I lately sent you the epitaph, time would not permit me to accompany it with some observations. The first four lines are indeed excellent. What follows is certainly honourable to him, and well expressed, but it will not be intelligible to many. The passage regarding the golden cup relates to one of Klopstock's Odes, inscribed "To the Redeemer." All who are unacquainted with those sublime poems, will be unable to judge of what is meant.

.The navigation is now restored again, I wish it may remain so.The misery of those countries that are become the seat of war is beyond expression. After a bad harvest, the unhappy inhabitants will be deprived of every support. With sincere regard, and hearty wishes of happier times, I have the honour, &c.

LETTER VII.

Altona, Nov. 26, 1805.

I sincerely wish, dear madam, that your amiable friend may be entirely recovered; and in her convalescence I hope she will take proper care of herself in this cold season, in order to become your assistant again in your honourable undertaking. My bookseller has sent Cramer's book, &c. &c. Whatever shall occur worthy of your attention, and fit for your design, will be sent by me from time to time.

Britannia has obtained a glorious victory, and the admiral ended nobly, and according to his wishes. May God have mercy on us in this part of the world; and may you, and all that are dear to you, enjoy health and happiness in your blessed island.

LETTER VIII.

Altona, July 6, 1806.

It is a long while, dear madam, that I have no account either of yourself, or of our dear friends at Portsmouth. May you live in happiness, and enjoy all the blessings derived from religious principles and good intentions. The last winter has deprived me of two very dear friends, . . . but not for ever!

Mrs. Klopstock has favoured me with part of a correspondence between Klopstock and Meta Möller, written in the year 1752, when they were promised to each other, and lovers in that period of life when the fire of imagination appears in its clearest and most sparkling light. You will be pleased with them, and admire with us, in the happy pair, the elevation of mind, the purity of their innocent passion, and their religious sensibility, far above the common conception, comprehensible only by minds like theirs, superior in virtue, candour, and ingenuity.

I perfectly agree with you about the times, and with regard to your late illustrious minister. The late count Bernstorff, and all my noble friends in the diplomatic line, unanimously

give him a great character. He loved his country, and remained true to his principles from the beginning to the end. He might perhaps have been better acquainted with the whole continental state.

Most fortunately, and to my great pleasure, your sister is arrived here from Italy. I passed yesterday in her company at Mrs. Hanbury's, where I might wish to see you all united, if such a scheme could be realized in this world. It will be our happiness in a better state, that those who agree in the love of truth and virtue, will not be separated, as we now are, by such difficulties.

I remain, with true respect and affection, &c.

LETTERS

FROM

KLOPSTOCK TO BÖDMER.

TO J. J. BODMER.

Langensalza, Aug. 10, 1748.

I should long since have written to you, my dear Bodmer, had I not been deterred by the praise with which you loaded me in your letter to Gärtner. Unaccustomed to behold the threshold of Olympus, on which you placed me, I was overcome with shame. To have returned thanks, would have seemed as if I thought myself worthy of that for which I thanked you. As I believe you to be a good man, and to have spoken sincerely, so I would wish you to believe that I am sincere, and that I do not say any thing out of feigned modesty. Let me therefore pass over this subject, and leave you to defend your opinion of me before the tribunal of critics. I will now tell you,—but hear me as a father hears his son,—how I not only reverence but love you; and what great

services you have, unknown to yourself, already done me. When yet a boy, reading Homer and Virgil, and enraged at the German commentators, your criticisms and Breitinger's came into my hands. Having once read, or rather devoured them, they were always at my left hand, to be continually turned over while Homer and Virgil were at my right. How often I then wished, and still wish, for your promised treatise on the sublime! But Milton, whom perhaps I should too late have seen, if you had not translated him, when accidentally he fell into my hands, blew up at once the fire which had been kindled by Homer, and raised my soul to heaven, and the poetry of religion. Often did I then behold the image of an epic poet, such as you have described in your critical poem, and I looked at it, as Cæsar on the bust of Alexander, in tears; how often then,

“ Cum spes arrectæ juvenum, exultantiaque haurit

“ Corda pavor pulsans.”

VIRG.

Such are your services to me, but faintly sketched. Yet greater (if you please) remain. The Messiah is scarce begun. If what I have sung deserve your attention, I shall sing greater things hereafter.

“ Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo,
 “ Majus opus moveo.” VIRG.

But I want leisure; and being of a very weak constitution, and probably shortlived, I have even now but little hope of finishing the poem. A laborious employment awaits me; with which oppressed, what can I sing worthy of the Messiah? My native country neither cares, nor will care, for me; but see the road I have found out, by which, if you would go before me, I feel as if I might conquer fortune. There was amongst you a poet, Van Haarer, whom without doubt you know; he is in great favour with the prince of Orange, who is said to be generous and magnanimous. What if he should give me a pension If you can do any thing to assist me in this business, excellent Bodmer, I know you will do it, but not as asking in my name; for I would not beg my fortune of princes, though I would of Bodmer.

I will now, trusting to the strictest secrecy, introduce you to the interior of my most sacred thoughts. I love a tender holy maid, to whom my third ode is address'd, with the most tender holy love; but she is not accessible to me, nor likely to be so, for fortune separates us widely.

Yet without her I am miserable. . . . By Milton's shade, by thine own blessed infants, by thy own great soul, I adjure thee, Bodmer, make me happy, if thou canst! Farewel, salute most kindly in my name Breitenger, Hingel, and that good man to whom you inscribed an ode.

This is written August 10, 1748, at Langensalza in Thuringia, where I am instructing the son of a merchant, named Weiss, (who will be a poet not unworthy of my pains;) where the greater part of my family reside, (more opulent than my parents;) where dwells that heavenly girl whom I love, the daughter of my mother's brother. Whatever you think likely to be the event, whether there is any hope or not, write to me as soon as possible; that my soul, struck by powerful love, love which is but faintly traced in my odes, for it was impossible to express it, may either be relieved from her anxiety, or totally depressed. The last would be more tolerable to me than this troubled sea of uncertain thoughts. Farewel, and love me.

LETTER II.

September 27, 1748.

It is a glorious reward for my poems, to hear from one of the best of men that he is *my friend*. How tenderly have you sympathized in my uneasiness! I used to have so much greatness of mind as not to be miserable; and now that I am so, I find a friend who calls me back into myself; but yet I return with lingering steps, continually looking back. The sorrows of love are so great, that they deserve to have such power over me. She whom I love is now more cruel to me than when I first wrote to you. Yet your letter, the consciousness that my love is exalted and pure, and my sense of religion, prevent my being completely miserable. She knows but little of my sentiments, or if she has discovered them, she does not let me know it, but she is capable of feeling them all. How would she feel your letter, if I had courage to read it to her; and if she loved me, how would she look on me with those eyes so full of soul! She has a certain character of beauty that distinguishes her from all others; I can no otherwise describe it to you at present, than by say-

ing that it exactly corresponds with what I have said of her in my songs. Perhaps Laura, who so thirsted for immortality, was like her. Radichen belonged to this order of beauties, though she was not like her. She is thus described in my ode.

“She is young and beautiful. . . . Unlike the fluttering troop of rosy maids, who thoughtless bloom, by nature carelessly formed, in sportive mood; of feeling void, and void of mind, void of the all-powerful, all-subduing look of soul, the emanation of divinity.

“She is young and beautiful. Her every movement speaks the heavenly temper of her mind; and worthy, . . . ah! most worthy of immortal fame, she steps in lofty triumph forth, serene as the unruffled air, bright as the dawn, full of simplicity as nature’s self.”

I know not whether He whose will decrees me so much suffering, sees here no happiness for me, where I imagine so much; or whether, foreseeing that I am not yet capable of bearing such joy, he gives me time to grow more calm. Thus much I know,—I cannot change the slightest stroke on his eternal tables; and I find much comfort in submitting myself to Him. I know

too, that to her whom I love so inexpressibly, I wish with my whole heart the purest happiness, even if she love me not again. You see I make you the confidant of my most secret thoughts. My other friends know nothing of my sufferings; even to my dear Schmidt I have said very little on the subject.

I have communicated to my friends at Leipsic your proposal about the subscription. I expect to have the fourth and fifth cantos ready by Easter. The first five cantos would make a volume. But with all your doubts, do you not still entertain too favourable an opinion of our nation? I believe they will need to be often awakened, before they will even observe that my Messiah is in existence.

You intend to review the Messiah in the language of Tasso. It is a great satisfaction to me to be made known to the admirers of Tasso and Michael Angelo. In my youth I never could hear the name of Tasso without reverence; and to see Michael Angelo's picture of the Last Judgment, I would travel alone to Rome. Send me the review as soon as it is printed; every line of approbation from you is peculiarly precious to me. A perhaps too proud aversion to dedications is the cause that

I beg you to consider whether it would not be best to send the Messiah with a private letter to the Prince of Wales;* and perhaps this might be more conveniently and more effectually done by a stranger than by the author. Open your thoughts to me on this subject as freely as I write mine to you, and tell me whether you would undertake the task.

The versification of the Messiah will offend many. I see it will take them a long time to find out that German hexameters in themselves, and particularly in a long poem, are more harmonious and sonorous than German iambics. Those who are unacquainted with Homer will not be able to find their way; and yet nothing is required of them, but to place the same accent on the words of an hexameter, that they would place on the words of an harmonious period in an oration. Some readers of Homer, who resemble the grammarian Crist in Leipsic, will take it amiss of the German language that it is not the Greek language, and prescribe to the German hexameter the rules of the Homeric. These people give general rules for the length and shortness of syllables according

* Frederick Prince of Wales.

to the Greek language, instead of which they should give them according to our own language.

My love of an harmonious verse has led me to this digression. This is the reason too why I intend to alter many of my verses, and to be in future more attentive to harmony.

I send you another Ode, the produce of my love. She who could best reward it has not seen it, so timid does her apparent insensibility make me. I never proposed to myself to write odes, and yet it has so happened that I have made several. This however might be pardonable, if I had not exposed myself to the danger of appearing on the same theatre with Lange.

The verses beneath the ode are from the fifth book of the Messiah. They appear to me worthy of remark, because my beloved critic made me read them several times over to her. It would take too much room here to tell you the connexion in which they stand.

What is become of the excellent Kliest? Have his few hours of leisure drawn nothing more from his pen? I love him from my heart. I well remember those hours, . . . it was a fine afternoon in Autumn, . . . when hearing his poems read made me so pensive. The afternoon

was followed by an evening of the purest delight. I have passed many such evenings with my friends, but they are all over now, and I am left to the lonely sorrows of love. I was that evening full of happiness; and indeed the acquisition of a new friend deserved it. This evening reminds me of that on which Gärtner took leave of us when I had only just begun to know him, and with him his friends. In an ode on my friends are these stanzas on that subject.

“ In those last hours ere thou didst part from us, (to me that evening shall be ever sacred!) I learnt, my friend, how virtuous souls, how the few virtuous, love each other.

“ Full many an evening hour is yet in store, . . . ye future sons of men pass them not lonely; to friendship consecrate those happy hours, and be your fathers your example.”

Gärtner probably will not pass by Zurich to Geneva. He is separated from the count, with whom he was to have travelled. He is a liberal minded man, but very conscientious.

Tell those worthy gentlemen who have so much compassion for Abbadona, that I am myself so concerned for his fate, that I scarcely have sufficient power over my heart to submit

to the strict justice which is higher than our hearts. However, his story will not, I think, any where lay too strong hold on their tenderness. He is placed there for the glory of the Messiah.

How happy shall I be, if by the completion of the Messiah I may contribute somewhat to the glory of our great and divine religion! How sweet and transporting is this idea to my mind! That is my great reward; and you, my dearest friend, point it out to me at a distance. I must here leave off. Midnight approaches, and I must give myself up to my silent sorrow and my tears. May my lovely friend yet take that share in them which your letter bids me hope. Farewel!

LETTER III.

October 19, 1748.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

How deeply am I affected by all your generous exertions in my behalf; and how well do you deserve the whole friendship of my heart! If you feel that you act nobly when you seek fortune for me as a means of happiness to yourself, I feel as strongly that I love you tenderly; and that any piece of good fortune which you may receive from the hand of Providence and bring to me, will be doubly precious in my eyes. The divine poet Young says in his *Night Thoughts*, as well as I can remember the passage, "O God, thou hast made the world glorious around Thee! Thou hast brought forth the stars in their marvellous circles; but one tear of the virtuous, shed for the unfortunate, is greater than all these."*

* I cannot find the passage in the *Night Thoughts* to which Mr. Klopstock alludes. He says that he quotes by memory, and possibly he had an imperfect recollection of the following lines, near the conclusion of the Sixth Night.

"These are ambition's works, and these are great;

"But this, the least immortal souls can do.—

"Transcend them all.—But what can these transcend?"

"Dost ask me what!—One sigh for the distressed."

The same thought is beautifully expressed by Klopstock himself, in the seventh book of the *Messiah*.

I am sure you know me so well, that you will not accuse me of a want of manly spirit in misfortune. My misfortune, indeed, consists only in this, that some outward circumstances disturb me in the possession of what I call happiness; (I take out of this account the pains of love;) but my eye is already accustomed to these prospects, and I do not boast of any great courage when I say, that from a youth I have calmly and steadily looked my fate in the face. My parents, who are very upright, had property, but without their fault they are become poor. Since they have no longer been able to provide for me, my dearest friend Schmidt has supported me in the noblest manner. I have often observed the footsteps of Divine Providence in the midst of my ill fortune, and adored them. Knowing this Providence, can I yet talk of misfortunes? I must be silent; but this I may say, that I very often wish for that sacred leisure, which I would gladly dedicate entirely to the completion of the Messiah. I wish for his leisure to enable me to express my thoughts immediately as they arise, and in the first warmth of their youth. I must now, being disturbed, content myself with writing down some

imperfect traces of these thoughts, and some few marks by which I may afterwards find them again; but perhaps I shall never find them again in the same point of view, and with the same extent of prospect, as at first. You will easily see that many other things in my poem, depend on this leisure. But I leave this also to Providence.

LETTER IV.

Nov. 5, 1748.

I have waited hitherto that I might be enabled to tell you something decisive of my love, but this I cannot yet do. Your letter to Miss Schmidt, which I shall ever preserve as a memorial of my perhaps unhappy passion, I have not given to her. Much as it delighted me, much as I wished to be able to give it her, and much as she herself would have prized it, I had not courage. I have sent it to her brother, to whom I have laid open my whole heart. He had previously written me a very affectionate letter. He had told me that this love was what he had long in secret wished. He says, amongst other things,

"My friend I knew thy heart, I knew the maiden's tenderness,

"And therefore secretly I ask'd of Heaven to make her thine."

He then tells me a little story from which it appears that I am too timid. The most agreeable circumstance is that his sister had curiosity enough to break open the letter which was enclosed to her. Since I sent him your letter, he has written to me with uncommon affection. He is really an admirable young man. He says my precious tears for his sister, and the interest which the whole future world will take in my favour, make him look on my love with reverential awe. I will not send you a large extract from his long letter. I will only tell you that he intends to write to his sister without disguise, and to send her your letter. I know not whether I can venture in the interim to give her the Alcaic ode which I now send you. Happy should I be if I could have expressed in it all the sentiments of my heart! O how has this heavenly maiden captivated my whole soul!—But I will say no more of her, lest I should express myself more feebly than I have done in the ode.

Ebert has translated Leonidas. The story of Teribazus and Ariana has taken such hold on me, that I seem to myself like the marble image on a hero's tombstone.

You will find among the latter pieces in this packet an elegy, in which I was already think-

ing of my Fanny. About the same time, that is, about a year ago, I also composed the inclosed Ode to Ebert, as far as to the lines addressed to you. I will here break off my letter, as I am unwilling again to delay my answer. Perhaps it will not be much longer before I may be able to tell you something decisive. If you love me, my dearest friend, pray Heaven to grant me my love. I should without her be as unhappy as I am capable of being.

LETTER V.

Dec. 2d, 1748.

I write to you again to tell you that the fate of my love appears continually more doubtful. What a string of trifles, which however are far from being trifles to me, must I write to enable you to judge with any degree of certainty. I gave her this last Alcaic ode when taking leave after a visit. I have since spoken to her again. If I except a little confusion, a slight blush, and some almost tender looks, I do not know what impression the ode has made. If I did not know how uncommonly delicate are all her feelings, and if she were not aware how well I know it; if I were not acquainted with every little turn

of her opinion on poems of similar import; but I will say no more,—I would rather be silent, since I cannot entertain you with an Iliad's length of these dear trifles. I must await my fate, though I have never yet found any thing more difficult;

*Qualis populea mœrens philomela sub umbra
Flet noctem.*

You wish to know the effect of the Ode on Salem. My timidity delayed to give it her, and now I would not willingly present it after a much finer ode.

I send you a copy of Haller's letter. I have kept the original, for what purpose you will easily guess. The better to understand the letter, you must know that I was before in correspondence with Haller, and that he had already, as became so worthy a man, taken some trouble in Hanover to promote my fortune by procuring me an employment. Having declared that I would rather preside in a school than in a university, for nature has denied me the voice of an orator, the last account I received was that I must apply to Gessner, who would recommend me to Wenthoff; but I will not owe the smallest obligation to a man who is not ashamed of offending Haller. The Messiah may

perhaps make my fortune with the prince of Wales, if it should become known to Glover and Mallet, who have great weight with the prince.

Since I am so happy as to be allowed to lay open all my little concerns to you, I must tell you that it has been hinted to me that it would not be unpleasant if after Easter I gave up my tutorship. When love was my chief motive for coming here, I did not consider it so *necessary* to undertake such employments as I must do, if obliged to leave this situation without any other asylum. The change of my fortune through the means of princes and princesses is very uncertain. May I therefore venture to propose to you another trouble on my behalf? I have heard from a bookseller here, that a bookseller of Erlangen has inquired after me from him, in the name of the academy. You know Mr. Le Maitre in Erlangen. I know not what could be the views of the academy, but I will tell you mine. I should wish for an extraordinary professorship of some one of the liberal sciences, rhetoric or poetry in preference, with a stipend that should free me from the necessity of earning the greater part of my living myself, which would fall very hard on me; and I particularly

wish for this in an academy whose number is not yet very great. I might undertake such a post, till an opportunity more favourable to my leisure occurred; for I am rather fearful that my poetic years will be sooner over than those of others. At least they probably will not extend to that age when Milton's began.

Your Sketch of the Sublime I have formerly read. The wish I expressed to you extended to a further finishing of that sketch. I think it is worthy of you to surpass the great Longinus. But what would you do for examples, if you had not the inimitable prophets? If you can trust Kleist's poem on the Spring to a transcriber, I know that you will not deny me the pleasure of reading it after so many pains. I also want to know whether the author of Noah, "who has the key that unlocks my heart," will finish his poem; and when and by whom Moses, which is mentioned in the friendly letters, was written?

"Come, golden age; come thou who seldom deign'st
 "To visit Man, creative Genius, come!
 "Eternity's best child,
 "Spread over us thy radiant wing."

I would send what I have ready of the Messiah, but that it is not yet returned to me from Leipsic. Ebert is gone to Gärtner at Brunswick, and he has probably taken it with him. None

of our friends remain at Leipsic, except Gellert and Rabner.

The Last Judgment is thus introduced into the Messiah. Adam is with the arising saints. He is made to inquire of the Messiah concerning the fate of his race, and at his own request will see a vision of the judgment. The catholics need fear no disturbance from me. Decide whether the following simile contradicts what I have just said. I can at all events leave it out,

. So Satan spake:

His heart was full of blackest thoughts;
 Deform'd and hideous was his inmost soul,
 The sinful spirit's most conceal'd recess. So lie
 Before the face of God the gloomy vaults
 Of th' Iberian Inquisition. Wall on wall,
 Abyss upon abyss, deep in the earth,
 And full of stiff'ning streams of guiltless blood: . . .
 Now the destroying Judge beckons his murderers;
 The iron doors re-echo to the depths
 Below, the cries of innocence to Heaven.
 Oh! could a Christian see these vaults of blood,
 Would he not look with fury on the judge,
 And clasp his hands, and weep, and cry to God
 For justice?

May I beg of you one thing which may perhaps appear to betray a little vanity; if it were so, I would frankly acknowledge it; but it is not that; it is love. Love bids me beg of you to send me the Italian review of the Messiah while I remain here. Perhaps the divine maiden may smile upon those trophies.

LETTER VI.

26th January, 1749.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

AT a time when the minister in Hanover is seriously meditating, whether it would really be for the advantage of his Britannic majesty's hereditary dominions to give me some decent and not very laborious office; when the Messiah is perhaps lying in the antichamber where stands the bust of Pope, where Glover often passes; when it is, perhaps, because not yet handsomely printed, laid aside by a princess whose mother made the fortune of a woman only because she was Milton's daughter; at such a time are you, my friend, so generous as to invite me to your land of liberty! If this greatness of mind can be in any degree recompensed by knowing that I feel it in its full extent, 'tis well; then take this trifling recompense. But suffer me to say something more affectionate to you. I *will* come to see you weep over the bones of your sons. I will come to wipe away the tears which perhaps I have caused to flow afresh; but you must also wipe away mine, for I must tell you that the destiny of my love is not yet unravelled. Now hope

appears to smile upon me, and now all is doubtful. I know not what you will think of the matter. Perhaps you would think differently, if I could relate all circumstantially. I will only say two things—that you must not find the least fault with my incomparable Fanny, nor too much with my timidity. I only tremble at the thought that she should in any degree mistake my character, and not give me credit for being determined never to make her unhappy, even in the most trifling appendages of happiness. What peace I have hitherto enjoyed has been chiefly the consequence of the following thought. When by a taste for virtuous deeds, and by some trifling good actions, which to us are not difficult, though to the vulgar they appear so, we have made a show of intending to be virtuous; then Providence seizes our whole heart, and puts this great question to us, whether we will *here* too submit, whether we will be virtuous even *here*? You see that this is a very comprehensive thought, but yet, when I measure my love against it, I wonder that it has power to support me. Indeed I must frankly acknowledge that it alone does not. Some little hopes at times appear so smiling, that I know

not whether I can come to you, or when. . . . Without my Fanny what would be to me your beautiful country, the cheerful society of *your* and (if I may dare to say so) *my* friends, the liberty and leisure I used so much to enjoy? I cannot deny it, I am sometimes astonished at the degree of tenderness I feel for this angelic woman; but I will say no more, nor write again on the subject, till I can tell you something certain. I will send you, at another time, an ode to GOD, which no one has yet seen.

M. Le Maitre has written to me. The professorship is of so little value, and at the same time is accompanied with so many inconveniences, that I do not wish to obtain it. You have made this excellent man also my friend. With what affection shall I embrace him when we meet! I request you to send me the French Review. Not on my own account, though I am much indebted to the author for his kindness. Fanny smiles when she finds me mentioned with approbation; and sometimes it escapes her, that she is on such occasions comparing me with the Briton.*

I may be very well contented with my domestic circumstances. My little Weiss is a ge-

* Milton.

nus; but he will, or must, apply to trade. He loves me very much. Haller, as he knows that I am *now* in such a situation, has been endeavouring to discover privately whether I would undertake to instruct his son in the liberal sciences, and a letter has been given me to read, which he wrote on the subject to a friend in this country. You know the embarrassments which make me now so irresolute. I will soon send some of the *Messiah* to be submitted to your criticism. When I can escape from my cares, I sometimes finish a few lines, &c.

LETTER VII.

April 12, 1749.

MY DEAREST BODMER,

It is indeed requisite that I should take a journey to you, if I would express the whole force of that friendship which I feel towards you. How singularly noble, and how numerous, are the exertions which you make on my account. But I will quit this extensive field, for I must write a volume full of tenderness, if I would describe all the feelings of my heart towards you. This shall be the subject of my song when I shall be with you. . . . "The little Klopstock," as my Schmidt always calls me

when his heart is full, will *certainly* visit you; and perhaps weep by your side tears of sweet pleasure. At present the all-powerful Fanny detains me, and I can be detained by her alone. . . . But you have betrayed my love to M. Le Maitre, and perhaps to Hagedorn. You may therefore depend upon it that I will not say a word to you about Fanny till my next letter, and in the present I will call you to account about an affair which arises from your treachery. You have, as I have been informed, permitted to be printed in the *Freimüthige Nachrichten** an ode in which my love appears very evident. What will become of me? What will Fanny say? Giesecke has offended me much more, but perhaps you seduced him. He has allowed the ode, "When I am dead, &c." to be printed in the 3d vol. of the new collection. Justify yourself on this *important* subject. You must positively produce a satisfactory apology.

Haller has sent me a letter from an Englishman, which informs him that the Messiah was presented to the prince; that he received it favourably, particularly in consideration of Haller, and that he would, without doubt, inquire after the author. I have upon mature deliberation

* A periodical paper printed at Berlin.

resolved to write myself to Glover, who has great influence with the prince. Had I not been in love, I might have suppressed this event. What is your opinion on the subject?

LETTER VIII.

17th May, 1749.

Fanny has been to the fair* with her brother, and by this means I have discovered that you had sent a packet for me to Rabener. I must mention to you, that there is no certainty of finding Rabener, except at the fair: at any other time what you send to him for me might be delayed a great while. Tell the friend for whose soul the Messiah is so exactly calculated, that he has an advantage over me, because I have been entirely precluded from the novelty and the ardour attendant on the first reading. A youth who sees for the first time an amiable young woman, and at once feels that she was born for him, will feel more transport than the mother who bore and educated her. Tell him further that I particularly wish to know whether *he* is desirous that Abbadona should be restored to happiness.

You have afforded me much pleasure by the poem of Kleist. Fanny also has read it, and

* At Leipsic.

with so much interest that I could not avoid giving her the manuscript. The passages respecting the Nightingale, and the divine Doris, affected my whole soul. Kleist must absolutely complete this poem, &c.

LETTER IX.

7th June, 1749.

I have now received your criticism. Continue to advise me, for I feel a peculiar satisfaction in being conducted by you into the track of new thoughts. I request from you and Mr. Breitingger some remarks on my three first cantos. I have determined that they shall be printed with two new cantos, to compose altogether the first volume. What do you now think in regard to your former proposal of a subscription, and how ought it to be arranged? Several booksellers solicit me for the publication of the work.

I send you an ode, which no one has seen, not even Fanny or her brother. I composed it before the commencement of this year. It has often been the companion of my solitary hours; and you will discover from the subject *why* Fanny and Schmidt have not obtained a sight of it. Now, do you wish to know the fate of my love? I can tell nothing more than that it

now appears *probable* that I am beloved. You will believe that this probability is of no little importance to me. How happy should I be, if I could speak with confidence! Very much of what I consider as my happiness depends on this. How important many things now appear to me, which I before considered as trifling. I know that you will do all you can for me in this affair; and how dear will you be to me for so doing.

Beloved by her, my heart will glow
With warmer love for you.

Perhaps my becoming known to the English may open for me a surer path. Hagedorn thinks that, by the assistance of Van de Hoek in Göttingen, I should send a copy to the translator of Haller in the Gentleman's Magazine. Will you be so kind as to write to Haller on the subject, but in such a manner as that I may not be suspected of suggesting it? I know not whether I may not alter my determination to write to Glover, &c.

LETTER X.

Nov. 28, 1749.

MY DEAREST BODMER,

I should not so long have deferred writing to you, if my friend Schmidt had not been with me, and if I had not again been doubtful what answer I could give you respecting my journey. I have spent many golden days with him. Now, however, I have the satisfaction to assure you, that in the spring I will *tell you all*. I rejoice in the sweet names of Bodmer, Breitingen, and Hess, in the prospect of leisure and friendship; and I listen, as Schmidt says, to the whispers of these delightful thoughts. But now learn the conditions on which I shall come to you. My presence must be almost unobserved in your house. You must not make the smallest alteration on my account. This being premised, and decided as if you had given me the pledge of friendship in the golden age of the world, I will come. I am already well acquainted in idea with a certain country which I call Zurichia. Perhaps I may have formed a mistaken notion of it; but in the mean while I please myself with imagining a country more beautiful than any other in the world. According to my ideas,

there belong to a fine country, mountains, valleys, lakes, and what is far preferable, the abode of friends. How distant, and in what situations, dwell Breitinger, Hirzel, Waser, Ischarner? And I must ask another question, which is connected with the country in regard to me,

“ Since now my life has reach'd the prime of youth;”

How near are you to any young ladies of your acquaintance, into whose society you may think I could be admitted? The heart of a young woman is an extensive scene of nature, into whose labyrinth a poet must frequently penetrate, if he wishes to acquire profound knowledge. But these young ladies must not be made acquainted with my history, lest they should put a restraint upon themselves without reason. This *without reason* attaches no censure to these amiable unknown beings. Even if they were to resemble Fanny, they would find, notwithstanding, that I will love only once in my life.*

* *Note by the German editor.* . . . “ I will love only once.” . . . “ The reader will be surprised at this *salto mortale*, when he compares it with Klopstock's hopes expressed in the ninth letter. We might easily fill up the blank with well-known tales of what occurred in the history of his love between June and November 1749; but we here publish only what is undoubtedly authentic, with an assurance that what we conceal would not

I have been sensibly affected by Henzi's death; indeed death never before touched me so nearly. Perhaps I am too severe on this occasion. I can in some degree pardon him who at the hour of death *pretends* to jest, because such an attempt indicates that his mind is far from being in a tranquil state; but he who can jest so naturally as Henzi, ought to employ his superior powers of mind in something more noble. It must be, because the events of futurity appeared to him uncertain, that he was resolved at all events to carry his mirth to the gates of Heaven. Peace to the soul of Henzi. I praise him for his composure; but I should praise him with more warmth and earnestness,

bring the least disgrace on the heart or the character of our immortal Poet."

The English editor regrets that the German was not more communicative on this interesting subject. It appears, however, that the reluctance which Klopstock felt to involve the woman he loved, and the sister of his dearest friend, in difficulties, from which he was in vain endeavouring to extricate himself, prevented any proposal of marriage, notwithstanding the encouragement given by that generous friend, on whose bounty the unfortunate lover was at that time dependent. The lady was soon afterwards married; and Mrs. Klopstock's letters to Mr. Richardson will perhaps be thought to furnish a sufficient apology for the poet, if it should appear that after three years, in which "he did what he could to die in a love cause,"* he was at last induced to break the resolution contained in his last letter to Bodmer.

* Shakspeare.

if he had said, like lord Kilmarnock, "Ah, Forster, it is, however, very terrible!"

The ode in the sixth volume of the miscellaneous collection, "As in solitary night," &c. is by Schmidt. How do you like Chevy-Chase, and the imitation of it, published in a former volume? . . . Your translation of the ode, "When I am dead," has revived my former love for the Greek language; and in the height of my ardour I have translated the enclosed strophes. Perhaps you may not find them much in the spirit of the original; but perhaps Alcæus himself would not have written better, had he been in a similar situation.

Since I cannot yet fix the time of my departure from this place, I will write to you again either from hence, or from Leipsic. I shall be happy to have H. Schulthess for my travelling companion. I have found in Hanover a noble friend, who will endeavour to transmit the Messiah to the prince to whom it is dedicated, through a Mr. Von Schrader, who knows his royal highness's *tempora fandi*. I am as sincerely an enemy to dedications, as I am, with my whole heart, your friend.

F. G. KLOPSTOCK.

The following letters were published in the correspondence of Mr. Richardson; and the ingenious Editor of that work was not mistaken in supposing that they would interest every feeling heart. She adds, "It is presumed that readers of taste will not wish that Mrs. Klopstock's letters had been put into better English."

LETTER I.

MRS. KLOPSTOCK TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Hamburg, Nov. 29, 1757.

HONOURED SIR,

Will you permit me to take this opportunity in sending a letter to Dr. Young, to address myself to you? It is very long ago that I wished to do it. Having finished your *Clarissa*, (O the heavenly book!) I would have prayed you to write the history of a *manly* *Clarissa*; but I had not courage enough at that time. I should have it no more to day, as this is my first English letter, but I have it! It may be, because I am now Klopstock's wife; (I believe you know my husband by Mr. Hohorst,) and then I was only the single young girl. You have since written the *manly* *Clarissa*, without my prayer. O, you have done it to the great joy and thanks

of all your happy readers. Now you can write no more, you must write the history of an angel.

Poor Hohorst! he is gone. Not killed in the battle, (he was present at two,) but by the fever. The Hungarian Hussars have taken your works with our letters, and all that he was worth, a little time before his death. But the king of Prussia recompensed him with a company of cavalry. Poor friend! he did not long enjoy it! He has made me acquainted with all your lovely daughters. I kiss them all, with my best sisterly kiss; but especially Mrs. Martha, of whom he says, she writes as her father. Tell her in my name, dear sir, if this be true, that it is an affair of conscience not to let print her writings. Though I am otherwise of the sentiment, that a woman, who writes not thus, or, as Mrs. Rowe, should never let print her works. Will you pardon me this first long letter, sir? Will you tell me if I shall write a second?

I am, honoured sir, your most humble servant,

M. KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER II.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Hamburg, March 14, 1758.

You are very kind, sir, to wish to know every thing of your Hamburg kindred. Then I will obey, and speak of nothing but myself in this letter. I was not the lady who hath been with two gentlemen from Göttenburg in England. If I had, never would I have waited the cold ceremony of introducing you to me. In your house I had been, before you knew that I was in England. That I shall, if ever I am so happy as to come there. We had a pretty project to do it in the spring to come, but I fear that we cannot execute it. The great fiend of friendship, war, will also hinder this, I think. I fear your Antigallicans exceedingly, more than the Gallicans themselves; they, I must confess it, are at least more civil with neutral ships. I pray to GOD to preserve you and Dr. Young till peace comes. We have a short letter of Dr. Young, in which he complains of his health. How does he yet? And you, who are a youth to him, how do you do yourself?

You will know all what concerns me. Love, dear sir, is all what me concerns, and love shall be all what I will tell you in this letter. In one happy night I read my husband's poem, the Messiah. I was extremely touched with it. The next day I asked one of his friends, who was the author of this poem? and this was the first time I heard Klopstock's name. I believe I fell immediately in love with him; at the least, my thoughts were ever with him filled, especially because his friend told me very much of his character. But I had no hopes ever to see him, when quite unexpectedly I heard that he should pass through Hamburg. I wrote immediately to the same friend for procuring by his means that I might see the author of the Messiah, when in Hamburg. He told him that a certain girl in Hamburg wished to see him, and, for all recommendation, showed him some letters in which I made bold to criticise Klopstock's verses. Klopstock came, and came to me. I must confess, that though greatly prepossessed of his qualities, I never thought him the amiable youth whom I found him. This made its effect. After having seen him two hours, I was obliged to pass the evening in a company which never had been so wearisome to me. I could

not speak; I could not play; I thought I saw nothing but Klopstock. I saw him the next day, and the following, and we were very seriously friends; but on the fourth day he departed. It was a strong hour, the hour of his departure. He wrote soon after, and from that time our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I sincerely believed my love to be friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but Klopstock, and showed his letters. They rallied me, and said I was in love. I rallied them again, and said they must have a very friendshipless heart, if they had no idea of friendship to a man as well as a woman. Thus it continued eight months, in which time my friends found as much love in Klopstock's letters as in me. I perceived it likewise, but I would not believe it. At the last Klopstock said plainly that he loved; and I startled as for a wrong thing. I answered that it was no love, but friendship, as it was what I felt for him; we had not seen one another enough to love; as if love must have more time than friendship! This was sincerely my meaning, and I had this meaning till Klopstock came again to Hamburg. This he did a year after we had seen one another the first time. We saw, we

were friends; we loved, and we believed that we loved; and a short time after, I could even tell Klopstock that I loved. But we were obliged to part again, and wait two years for our wedding. My mother would not let me marry a stranger. I could marry without her consent, as by the death of my father my fortune depended not on her; but this was an horrible idea for me; and thank heaven that I have prevailed by prayers! At this time, knowing Klopstock, she loves him as her lively son, and thanks GOD that she has not persisted. We married, and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am so happy; and still I dote upon Klopstock as if he were my bridegroom. If you knew my husband, you would not wonder. If you knew his poem, I could describe him very briefly, in saying he is in all respects what he is as a poet. This I can say with all wifely modesty; but I dare not to speak of my husband; I am all raptures when I do it. And as happy as I am in love, so happy am I in friendship; in my mother, two elder sisters, and five other women. How rich I am! Sir, you have willed that I should speak of myself, but I

fear that I have done it too much. Yet you see how it interests me. I have the best compliments for you of my dear husband. My compliments to all yours. Will they increase my treasure of friendship? I am, sir, your humble servant,

M. KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER III.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Hamburg, May 6, 1758.

It is not possible to tell you, sir, what a joy your letters give me. My heart is very able to esteem the favour that you, my dear Mr. Richardson, in your venerable age, are so condescending good to answer so soon the letters of an unknown young woman, who has no other merit than a heart full of friendship, and of all those sentiments which a reasonable soul must feel for Richardson, though at so many miles' distance. It is a great joyful thought, that friendship can extend herself so far, and that friendship has no need of *seeing*, though this seeing would be celestial joy to hearts like ours, (shall I be so proud to say *ours*?) and what will it be when so many really good souls, knowing

or not knowing in this world, will see one another in the future, and be there *friends!*

It will be a delightful occupation for me to make you more acquainted with my husband's poem. Nobody can do it better than I, being the person who knows the most of that which is not published, being always present at the birth of the young verses, which begin by fragments here and there, of a subject of which his soul is just then filled. He has many great fragments of the whole work ready. You may think that persons who love as we do, have no need of two chambers; we are always in the same: I with my little work, still, still, only regarding sometimes my husband's sweet face, which is so venerable at that time, with tears of devotion, and all the sublimity of the subject. My husband reading me his young verses, and suffering my criticisms. Ten books are published, which I think probably the middle of the whole. I will, as soon as I can, translate you the arguments of these ten books, and what besides I think of them. The verses of the poem are without rhymes, and are hexameters; which sort of verses my husband has been the first to introduce in our language, we being still closely attached to rhymes and iambics. I suspect the

gentleman who has made you acquainted with the Messiah is a certain Mr. Kaiser of Göttingen, who has told me at his return from England, what he has done; and he has a sister like her whom you describe in your first letter.

And our dear Dr. Young has been so ill! But he is better. I thank GOD, along with you. O that his dear instructive life may be extended, if it is not against his own wishes! I read lately in the newspaper that Dr. Young was made bishop of Bristol. I must think it is another Young: how could the king make him *only* bishop, and bishop of Bristol, while the place of Canterbury is vacant! I think the king knows not at all that there is a Young who illustrates his reign. And you, my dear friend, have not hope of cure of a severe nervous malady! How I trembled when I read it! I pray to God to give you, at the least, patience and alleviation. I thank you heartily for the cautions you give me, and my dear Klopstock, on this occasion. Though I can read very well your handwriting, you shall write no more if it is incommodious to you. Be so good to dictate only to Mrs. Patty; it will be very agreeable to have so amiable a correspondent; and then I will, still more than now, preserve the two of your own hand-

writing as treasures. I am very glad, sir, you will take my English as it is. I know very well that it may not always be English, but I thought for you it was intelligible. My husband asked, as I was writing my first letter, if I would not write French? No, said I, I will not write in this pretty but *fade* language to Mr. Richardson, though so polite, so cultivated, and no longer *fade* in the mouth of Bossuet. As far as I know, neither we, nor you, nor the Italians, have the word *fade*. How have the French found this characteristic word for their nation? Our German tongue, which only begins to be cultivated, has much more conformity with the English than the French.

I wish, sir, I could fulfil your wish of bringing you acquainted with so many good people as you think of. Though I love my friends dearly, and though they are good, I have however much to pardon, except in the single Klopstock alone. *He* is good, really good, good at the bottom, in all his actions, in all the foldings of his heart. I know him; and sometimes I think if we knew others in the same manner, the better we should find them; for it may be that an action displeases us, which would please

us if we knew its true aim and full extent. No one of my friends is so happy as I am; but no one had courage to marry as I did. They have married, as people marry; and they are happy as people are happy. Only one, as I may say, my dearest friend, is unhappy, though she had as good a purpose as myself. She has married in my absence; but had I been present, I might, it may be, have been mistaken in her husband as well as she. How long a letter this is again! But I can write no short ones to you. Compliments from my husband, and compliments to all yours, always, even though I should not say it.

M. KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER IV.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

Hamburg, Aug. 26, 1758.

Why think you, sir, that I answer so late? I will tell you my reasons. But before all, how does Miss Patty, and how do yourself? Have not you guessed that I, summing up all my happinesses, and not speaking of children, had none? Yes, sir, this has been my only wish ungratified for these four years. I have been more than once unhappy with disappointments; but yet, thanks, thanks to God, I am in full hope to be mother in the month of November. The little preparations for my child and child-bed (and they are so dear to me!) have taken so much time, that I could not answer your letter, nor give you the promised scenes of the Messiah. This is likewise the reason wherefore I am still here, for properly we dwell at Copenhagen. Our staying here is only a visit, but a long one, which we pay my family. I not being able to travel yet, my husband has been obliged to make a little voyage to Copenhagen: He is yet absent; a cloud over my happiness! He will

soon return; but what does that help? He is yet equally absent. We write to each other every post, but what are letters to presence? But I will speak no more of this little cloud; I will only tell my happiness. But I cannot tell you how I rejoice! A son of my dear Klopstock's! O when shall I have him? It is long since I have made the remark that geniuses do not engender geniuses; no children at all, bad sons, or, at the most, lovely daughters, like you and Milton. But a daughter or a son, only with a good heart, without genius, I will nevertheless love dearly.

I think that about this time a nephew of mine will wait on you. His name is Witelhem, a young rich merchant, who has no bad qualities, and several good, which he has still to cultivate. His mother was I think twenty years older than I, but we other children loved her dearly like a mother. She had an excellent character, but is long dead. This is no letter, but only a newspaper of your Hamburg daughter. When I have my husband and my child, I will write you more, if God gives me health and life. You will think that I shall be not a mother only, but a nurse also; though the latter (thank

God that the former is not so too!) is quite against fashion and good breeding, and though nobody can think it *possible* to be always with the child at home.

M. KLOPSTOCK.

Note—Mrs. Klopstock died on the 28th of November, 1758.

POSTHUMOUS WRITINGS
OF
MARGARET KLOPSTOCK.

Published at Hamburg in the year 1759.

Introduction; by F. G. Klopstock.

DEATH has deprived me of her whose affection made me as happy as she was made by mine. Our friends well know with what tenderness we loved. The following pages will show why I am compelled, and willingly submit to refrain from all complaint. This is one reason why I shall not write a poem, which many have expected from me, even when I may be more capable of it than I am at present. I think that, before the public, a man should speak of his wife with the same modesty as of himself; and how prejudicial would the observance of this principle be to the enthusiasm required in poetry. The reader, moreover, and not without reason, thinks himself justified in refusing implicit credit to the panegyrist of his beloved; and my love for her who made me the happiest

of men, is too sincere to let me allow my readers to call it in question. Another circumstance which makes poems of this kind uninteresting is that we have too many of them. As these considerations would have restrained my pen, even if my departed friend had left nothing that could be communicated to the world, it will easily be imagined what pleasure it must be to me to have the power of publishing some little manuscripts by which she erects a monument to herself. I am so proud of her doing this with her own hand, that I will not add to the collection the odes I formerly wrote to her. Should this pride require forgiveness, I hope to obtain it, when it is recollected that I am not proud of myself, but only of my friends.

I have nothing more to say of these little pieces than that they were not written with the intention of erecting a monument to herself. Some subjects are particularly interesting to us; we write our thoughts on them, and perhaps show them to a few friends, without ever thinking of publication. It is above two years since she thus began to write down some of her favourite ideas, during my absence, and she was confused and distressed when I surprised her at this employment, and prevailed with her

to read to me what she had written.—O she was all the happiness of my life! what have I not lost in losing her! But I will not complain.

I shall perhaps, at some future time print some of her letters, or at least some fragments of them. I can publish only a few of them, having some hours after her death burnt most of those which we wrote to each other before our marriage. I was led to do this by the idea that I might be tempted to read them, and that they would agitate me too much. I have since found some which had been kept in a different place, and I will beg my friends who have letters from her to send them to me. My intention is, as I have already said, to publish them. Some friends of virtue may perhaps be anxious to know more of this heavenly mind.

Extracts from the Correspondence between Klopstock and Margaret Moller, when their marriage was delayed, and he left her to return to Copenhagen, in Oct. 1752. See page 35.

LETTER I.*

I must write to you this evening, and you shall find my letter at Copenhagen. Best of men, you ought to find in me a wife desirous to imitate you as far as it can be possible. I will—indeed I will, resemble you as much as I can. My soul leans upon yours.—This is the evening on which we read your Ode to God. Do you remember it? If I can preserve as much fortitude as I have acquired this evening, I will not shed a tear at our parting. You will leave me, but I shall again receive you, and receive you as your wife. Alas! after another day you will be gone far, far from me, and it will be long before I see you again; but I must restrain my grief. God will be with you, your God and mine. When you are gone, I shall be more firm than I am now, as I have already assured you. I trust in our gracious God, that he will restore you to me, that He will make

* This letter was written before Klopstock left Hamburg, and received by him at Copenhagen.

me happy. He knows that through you I shall be continually improving; He has already bestowed on us so much happiness, that I trust He will complete our felicity. Begin then your journey, only let me weep, indeed I cannot help it. May GOD be with you! O my GOD, it is Klopstock for whom I pray. Be Thou with him; show thy mercy to me in granting this request. If my gratitude can be acceptable to Thee, Thou knowest how grateful I am. O thou All-Merciful, how much felicity hast Thou already vouchsafed to me; felicity for which I could not have presumed to ask. O still be gracious to me, to my Klopstock. I recommend him to Thee!

LETTER II.

I have you no longer, my Klopstock; you are already far from me. May you but be safe! What are you doing now? I wish I could answer that question. But I know, at least I hope so. You are well, you are tranquil, you are thinking of your Meta, of your ever-beloved Meta. You are thinking of me, as I am ever thinking of you; for your heart and your affection are like my own. I could not have imagined that absence would be so *very* heavy. What is

life without you? but what is life *with* you? Now all reminds me of the time which is mine no more; of my happiness in having always near me my best beloved friend, who loves me so tenderly. Alas! I shall not see you again for a long time; but if I knew that you were safely arrived at Copenhagen, I think I should be easy. Yes, my Klopstock, be assured that I am as tranquil as I can possibly be in your absence. I am for ever yours; you love me, and I spare myself for your sake. I wish you could see how I restrain my tears. Our friends are very kind, and watch me tenderly. They endeavour to render every thing as pleasant to me as they can; but what is all this without you? I am expecting Schmidt, who yesterday brought me your last farewell, and told me how much you had wished to return from the post-house. My best friend, farewell! My constant prayers attend you.

LETTER III.

KLOPSTOCK TO META.

Yesterday the same accident which happened lately to your letter occurred again. I am not, however, uneasy, for I am sure that you have written to me. With what transport do I think of you, my Meta, my only treasure, my wife! When in fancy I behold you, my mind is filled with the heavenly thoughts which so often fervently and delightfully occupy it; and while I think of you, they are still more fervent, more delightful. They glow in my breast, but no words can express them. You are dearer to me, than all who are connected with me. by blood or by friendship, dearer than all which is dear to me besides in the creation. My sister, my friend, you are mine by love, by pure and holy love, which providence, (O how grateful am I for the blessing!) has made the inhabitant of my soul upon earth. It appears to me that you were born my twin sister in Paradise. At present indeed we are not there, but we shall return thither. Since we have so much happiness here, what shall we have there?

Remember me to all our friends. My Meta, my for ever beloved, I am entirely yours.

L

LETTER IV.

MBTA TO KLOPSTOCK.

I could not write to you till this moment, my beloved Klopstock; I am in such good health, that I have been out every day, and am now returned from Schmidt's house to this. With the most perfect sincerity I assure you that I have not been so well since 1749, as during the last week. Imagine how much I must feel in the hope that I am thus restored for you. I did not expect to be ever again as well as I am now. Praised be our God for it! and you will praise Him with me. Yesterday evening, when I had retired from company, and enjoyed a very delightful hour, I said to myself, perhaps my Klopstock is now worshipping God with me, and at that thought my devotions became more fervent. How delightful it is to address ourselves to God, to feel his influence on our minds! Thus how happy may we be even in this world; but you say right, if our happiness is so great here, what will it be hereafter, and then we shall never be separated.

Farewel, my beloved! I shall think of you continually to-morrow. The holiest thoughts harmonise with my idea of you; of you who

are more holy than I am, who love our great Creator not less than I do. More I think you cannot love Him; not more, but in a more exalted manner. How happy am I to belong to you. Through you I shall be continually improving in piety and virtue. I cannot express the feelings of my heart on this subject, but they are very different from what they were half a year ago. Before I was beloved by you, I dreaded my greatest happiness, I was uneasy lest it should withdraw me from God. How much was I mistaken! It is true that adversity leads us to God; but such felicity as mine cannot withdraw me from Him, or I could not be worthy to enjoy it. On the contrary, it brings me nearer to Him. The sensibility, the gratitude, the joy, all the feelings attendant on happiness, make my devotion the more fervent.

LETTER V.

KLOPSTOCK TO META.

It is now Sunday evening, my dearest, and I have staid at home, not only because I like to do so on a Sunday, and because I wished to proceed with the Messiah, but also because I love to be alone with you, and therefore the society which formerly I thought not uninteresting is now indifferent to me. But though I have been with you all this evening, my best beloved, yet now first the thought of writing to you occurred to me. With what sweet peace of mind do I contemplate in every point of view the thought that you are mine, that I am yours. O Meta, how entirely are you formed to make me happy; and you are bestowed upon me. Can there be so much happiness here below? Yet what is the greatest earthly happiness to that which we hope to enjoy in a future state? Yes, my beloved, for ever.*

* These extracts make no part of Mr. Klopstock's publication; but as they are mentioned by him page 117, they are inserted in this collection. They are taken from the manuscript letters sent to the editor by Dr. Mumssen: see his 8th letter.

LETTERS

FROM THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.*

BY MARGARETT KLOPSTOCK.

LETTER I.

O MY friend, my brother, how happy am I! What it is to be blessed! But how can I describe it to you? Your language has no words, your soul no ideas of this perfect happiness, of this never-ending bliss. My brother, you will one day share it with me. Then will you know what it is to be blessed. Amidst the many joys of Heaven, what joy is this, that my brother, my Semida, shall one day be happy with me! We shall then love each other with even more purity, more warmth than we have loved on earth. It is here alone that friendship is perfect. Yet I feel that a brother, whom I have so long

* It appears from Klopstock's ode to Bodmer, that he was extremely partial to the writings of the celebrated Mrs. Rowe, which probably suggested to Mrs. Klopstock the idea of the following letters; but it will, I believe, be allowed that she greatly excels the model from which they are copied.

known, with whom I have been so long united, I should love differently from all the inhabitants of heaven. With ~~kindness~~ ^{tenderness} I should love him. . . . Abdiel I love with reverence. This exalted friend was my protecting angel. . . . O how the angels love mankind!

When my soul had scarcely left her earthly dwelling, ye were all weeping over it; . . . but my brother was resigned. As I soared aloft, unknowing how to tread the new paths of air, there appeared . . . think of this, my Semida . . . there appeared to me your form. With open arms, with the transport of an unembodied soul, I hastened towards it; for I thought you also were dead, and that we should be blessed together. "I am not thy brother," said the spirit in a gentle voice, "I am Abdiel, thy guardian angel. I put on the form of thy Semida, that thy yet scarce opened eyes might not be dazzled by the splendour of an angel. Come, I will be thy guide through these new paths. I was thy guide on earth. I loved thee more than thou didst love Semida; and so shall I now for ever love thee. I will be thy Semida till he come to us, and then will we three be friends for ever. How much affection wilt thou first learn in hea-

ven, thou who hast already felt so much on earth! But come, I will lead thee to the abode of the blessed." O Semida, now your language fails. Of the glory of the Uncreated I can tell you nothing. Fear Him, love Him: go on living as you have lived, and advance continually towards perfection. Then will you taste, then will you feel, what even the blest cannot express, what GOD has prepared for those who love Him!

LETTER II.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

I am allowed to write to you. O that I could tell you how happy your Sunim is! I spoke the language of the earth but imperfectly, and now I speak a far different one; how then can I express myself? Beloved mother, I see you still before me as I lay in your bosom when I died. I knew not what it was to die; I only felt such pain as I had never felt before, and I saw you weep. O how I *felt* that you should weep! I would have said, . . . my mother! . . . but I could not speak. I hung my little arms trembling around yours. You will remember it; for then you wept more abundantly. Now it grew dark around me, and I could not see you. I knew not how it was, but I heard your voice. I heard you pray to my Redeemer for me. I prayed with you; for often had I prayed with you before. And now I felt a sudden pressure on my heart, and now I could see again; . . . but how different I felt from what I was before! I ran to you, and embraced your knees, but you did not perceive it. I said, "My dearest mother!" . . . but you did not hear me. I was so light, I flew when I

would have walked. At length I saw my own little body. I saw you lay it on the bed, kneel by it, and lift your hands and eyes to heaven, with a look, like my new friends the angels. Then you wept no more, but became quite composed and resigned. I heard you say, "The LORD gave, and the LORD hath taken away; blessed be the name of the LORD!"... I heard too what you said to my father, for I still followed you. "Sunim is dead," you said to him, "Sunim is with GOD:"... and my father began to weep aloud, and said, the only heir of his name and fortune was now dead, and all was lost to him. How gently did you lead him back; how sweetly speak of GOD, and of eternity!

I had now heard that I was dead, but knew not what it meant; until a heavenly form came to me, and gently led me away; for I thought of nothing but remaining with you. This heavenly form was my Salem, whom I love as I love you, and who led me to the world I now inhabit. It is a star where all the souls of children come when they are dead; and where the heavenly Salem prepares us for supreme bliss. O that you could see this world, and know how it contributes to our present happiness! Here

too we have sensible objects, which instruct and prepare us for something higher; but Salem does this still more. With what rapture do I listen, when he tells us of the Great Creator, of the heaven of the blessed, of the host of angels, and of the vision of GOD, which we shall attain when our knowledge shall be ripe enough. I know not whether this will be on that great day when the earth shall be judged, or sooner. Salem has not revealed this to me; and I am already sufficiently happy in knowing that I shall, at some future time, assuredly go there. O, how happy am I, even here!

But, my dear mother, . . . for I must come to it at last, . . . how I grieve for thee, thou best of mothers! Yet Salem says, it is better you should know beforehand, for then you can prepare for it. Ah, my mother, the son whom GOD has given you in my place, who is so like me, who is called Sunim too, . . . he shall also die. My mother, now, for the first time in this world, I weep. Will you have strength to bear this second trial? O pray to GOD for strength; I will pray with you. Your former victory pleased the ALMIGHTY. Salem told me so. Offend not by impatience Him whom you have once already pleased by resignation. It is hard,

very hard, my mother. I feel it with you; but Salem says, God loves you, and therefore does He send these trials. O then, offend not God, who so loves us all; who makes your first Sunim so happy; who will make the second happy also! No, you will not murmur, I know it. You will patiently endure what God has appointed for you; and then will you also be blest. What bliss wilt thou at once attain, thou who hast advanced so far on earth!

LETTER III.

MY DAUGHTER,

It is long since I died. It was only a few hours after your birth. You know me not, but I love you. How can I help loving my own daughter, and the daughter too of the best of husbands! You have heard from my sister, how your father and I loved each other. Ours was not a love that first arose in marriage, the work of chance; it was founded on virtue, and on the sympathy of our hearts. We had chosen each other. . . . And will the daughter of such a marriage venture to take a husband whom she scarcely knows, merely because he is of her own rank, and can make her still richer? How can you think so lightly of marriage? Marriage fixes your fate, my daughter. The whole of your former life is but a preparation to this longer, to this more important life. All your temporal happiness depends on your choice of a husband; and how nearly is the eternal connected with it! What do you know of the man to whom you are on the point of giving your hand? Have you once considered, Melissa, whether he is the man on whose support you

could lean, through all the crooked ways of life? Will he lead you at last to the throne of the Almighty, and say, "Here is the wife whom Thou hast-given me?" O Melissa, can a man do this, who never thinks of eternity? A man who wastes the latter half of the day amongst trifling pastimes, and to whom the former half is so wearisome a load. Fool that he is! even his body emaciated by excess does not remind him that his time will be very short: And shall my Melissa be the portion of such a man? Do you expect to reform him? Ah, Melissa, such is the foolish confidence so many of you place in your own powers. A man so fastidious in every thing, how soon will he be tired of a wife! A man who knows not serious reflection, how will he endure it from a woman? Will he even have time to listen to you? A man who flies from solitude, to whom a conversation with a rational friend is insupportable, who must be in company, will he talk with his wife of things which concern the soul? Melissa, you deceive yourself. Your tender heart will not avail you; he understands nothing of the heart; and when tenderness avails not a woman, what can help her? Religion? Do you believe that a man of such morals has any religion? No—he has none.

He will even try to rob you of yours; and should you retain it, he will make your children laugh at you for it. You tremble, my daughter. Yes—you have reason. Think to what misery a thoughtless step exposes you. It sacrifices your temporal, and risks your eternal welfare.

What happiness can you enjoy with a man who never thinks? who supposes he makes you happy by dragging you into company, with whom you cannot speak of God, of eternity, of the peace, the security, the happiness of friendship, and of its higher degree, connubial tenderness; of the education of your innocent children, and of a thousand such interesting subjects? How wretched will you be with a man whom you cannot love! Such a man Meliſsa never *can* love; and how hard will you find it to obey, when you do not love. Will you not often wish to be rid of your duty? And how easily may this wish lead you to throw it off. How will you be able to educate your children? Should nature be strong enough to make you love the children even of such a man, should you wish to educate them well, will you have the power? O how much of the good you do, will he destroy! And above all, what will become of your soul with such a husband? Have

you never considered in what danger it is? A man who has no religion, (a man of such morals *can* have none,) will he suffer his wife to have any? If you have no affection for him, you will most easily retain it; but even then you will grow careless in it, because your husband does not encourage, strengthen, lead you continually on, and like a guardian angel watch over your tender soul. But if, from pity, from duty, or from a prejudiced partiality, you still love him, then fear the most for your soul! The man who knows that he is beloved, finds it easy to shake the principles of a weak woman. Therefore tremble, ye Melissas, when ye make your choice, tremble for your eternal happiness! Choose none but a christian. Choose not a free-thinker, who laughs at you and your religion. Choose not one who would degrade you to the darkness of natural religion. Choose not one— O shudder at the thought!—who would rob you of your Redeemer, your only salvation; and would debase his most exalted divinity to nothing more than a great and good man. Neither choose a sceptic. He may be a virtuous man; God may have patience with him; but to you is not allotted the portion of wisdom to convince him, and you put yourself in danger of doubt-

ing with him. Choose a christian, who in his strong hand will lead you through the slippery world; and at last, to the throne of the Redeemer. Then, together will ye come, my Melissa, and taste and feel what I now feel with my husband, my christian husband; and yet greater will be our happiness, when she whom our souls love enjoys it with us!

LETTER IV.

I loved you much, my sister, while yet I lived on the same earth with you, and I love you still. Can I better prove it, than by employing this uncommon method of being useful to you? I should have said to you, on earth, all that I am now going to say, had I lived longer; for it requires not heavenly wisdom: but while I lived, you were so young, that I could do no more than just begin to form your heart. I rejoice, that from this early seed has sprung already so much good. You tread a better path than many of your sisters. You do not cleave to the superficial, the light, the frivolous, the vain, the nothing of the earth; but still, Melinda, you cleave to the earth. I rejoice to see you prefer stillness to noise; the society of your husband and chil-

dren to those assemblies which are also called society. I rejoice that you prefer the fulfilment of your duties towards your husband and children, and the little affairs which are entrusted to the narrow sphere of your sex, to such empty pleasures; but yet, Melinda, you cleave to the earth, and only to the earth. It is proper, it is right, to perform the duties which you perform; but it is not enough to perform them *only*. We are not made for the little duties of mortality alone, but for the higher duties of eternity. Let it be your first endeavour to know your Creator and Redeemer. You believe in him; but how do you believe? Have you examined the grounds of that belief, and how have you been convinced? Do you try to be present in thought with God, as He is present with you? Do you with your whole heart, with all your feelings, love Him who hath so loved you? Are you sufficiently attentive, earnest, strict, that your heart be pure before Him who sees into the inmost soul; who sees each deed, even to its motive? To comprehend all the duties of society in one, dost thou to others as thou wouldst they should do to thee? O Melinda, see what is wanting in in you? You perform the *little*, but you delay the great, the important duties. Employ your

leisure, (for of the time which God has lent you, an account must be given,) employ it in thinking of God. Think of his love, think of it continually, and learn to *feel* it. This is our first duty, and how easy a duty it is! From this flow all the others. Thou canst not find it difficult to love that God, who, for so happy a world, and for a still happier eternity, hath created, redeemed, and sanctified thee; who hath reserved for thee such bliss! O Melinda, were not even angels mute when they would speak of this, what transports would thy sister now proclaim to thee! But it has not entered into the heart of man, it cannot enter into the heart of man, what God has prepared for us; what I already feel, and thou shalt feel. O my sister, thou who dost no evil, but not enough of good, (and *that* the Holy One will punish,) allow thyself to be awakened to eternal happiness!

LETTER V.

Little dost thou expect, O Lorenzo, now after a year, to hear of thy friend; ah, rather say, of thy companion in dissipation, for a connexion like ours deserves not the name of friendship; little dost thou now expect to receive any account of me. Thou art right. Who sends accounts from this dreadful prison? In common with the terrific spirits our seducers, we hate the whole human race; and we hate Him too—Him whom I am forced to confess, whom on earth I endeavoured to deny, whom yet I would deny, but cannot. O ye, yet mortals! ye who yet can comfort yourselves with his love, ye cannot conceive what it is to know God only in his omnipotence! God without love! Lorenzo, I feel a mixture of cruelty and compassion. One thought says, I will save him from misery by my example; and another says, I will rejoice in his torture! Where wast thou on the day of terror? Where wast thou, that thou wast not buried with me in the ruins of Lisbon? For hadst thou died, thou hadst been here. Hear then my story, for thou knowest it not. Ye found not my body; it was burnt.—Hear me!

From the excesses of the night I yet lay in a deep sleep. The morning dawn had beheld my crimes: I waked in terror at the shaking of the earth. At the same moment the house fell in. " 'Tis *He*, 'tis *He*," I cried, " He kills me!" For who can totally deny Him, the Fearful One? We feel, when we sin, that we cannot; but we stupify ourselves. I had almost prayed, but I could not. I knew not how to pray; and the anxiety to save my life absorbed the thought of God. At length I worked my way from out of the ruins of my dwelling. I hastened on, without any accident. This made me feel secure. I met with her—perhaps she is now a saint—her whom I so thoughtlessly seduced to stain her sex with the same crimes that we stain ours with. " Ah, seducer," said she, " profligate! repent, repent, or we are this moment lost!" It seemed to me ridiculous to hear her preach repentance; I told her so, and asked how she could suffer herself to be alarmed by such an accident. O Lorenzo, the words stuck in my throat! A house fell down and crushed both her and me. She was soon dead. I only saw her raise her eyes to heaven, and I have not found her here. I was much mangled; I could not die. I beheld once more the setting sun. I rolled

myself over in blood and dust, and saw beside me the old man who was the constant object of our ridicule. How peacefully he died! I would have given my whole life to have died like him. "Redeemer! Saviour!" in a soft voice I heard him say. How could I now believe a Saviour? I never had believed him.

I died; that is, I changed my agony, that dreadful agony, for one more dreadful. I plunged into the abyss of perdition. And now, Lorenzo, wilt thou come to me? Wilt thou repent? *Can* Lorénzo repent? Thou canst, since *she* could. But accursed be thou; accursed be she; if yet I have power to curse, accursed be ye all, for having so great a share in my ruin! Ye must all come to me, all suffer what I suffer. I cannot bear ye should be less miserable than I am! O He! He who sits in judgment! There is a GOD, Lorenzo! There is a conscience! There is unutterable woe!

LETTER VI.

Aristus, I fell in the unfortunate due. By thy hand I died! And I had been condemned, were not the mercy of the Eternal without measure; mercy to you incomprehensible, if ye knew what ye are: O Aristus, thou knowest not thyself, thou knowest not thy God! Thou hast scarcely thought of his omnipotence; still less of his mercy. Thou dost still remain in darkness, the thoughtlessness in which thou wast brought up. Thy father thought nothing needful for thee but courage; thy profession required not virtue and religion; and thou didst not require them from thy immortal soul. O how melancholy a thought it is, that the profession which makes us more conversant with death than age and sickness do, that it should know the least of God! Thou art not an infidel, and thou art not a christian. O miserable friend! —for thou wert my friend, according to our faint ideas of friendship, look into thyself, and tremble! There is a God; thou art immortal. Thou wast cast off by God, for thou hadst sinned. God became man in order to redeem thee; and thou mayest now be for ever happy! This

thou knowest. Thou canst at least remember that it was taught thee in thy childhood, but thou hast never thought on this. If thou hadst died in my place, and GOD had not had mercy on thee, how wouldst thou have felt, amidst inconceivable torment, that thy thoughtlessness alone was the cause, that instead of those dreadful tortures, thou didst not enjoy eternal happiness, happiness which I should in vain attempt to describe! Now—now it is yet time, Aristus! Perhaps to-morrow's fight may send thee, with ten thousand other thoughtless wretches, to perdition! O turn thee; thou already knowest enough to turn, and much thou needest not know. Feel only that thou art a sinner, and that he, JESUS of Nazareth, a name so many of thy brethren in vain endeavour to debase; He, the GOD whom I now worship, is thine Atoner, thy Redeemer! How calmly mayest thou march to battle, if thou but feel this rightly! How glorious, (even amongst angels this is glory,) how glorious to die, when thou diest to defend thy country, to save thy fellow citizens! How far below this, how mean was the death I died! Even now I should feel ashamed of the disgrace of a duel, if GOD had not forgiven my sin. O Aristus, for a single

word I died in blood; and my friend was my barbarous murderer! As thoughtlessly as we had lived, so went we forth to death. The laws of our station enjoined it. Laws never given, even by man, imaginary laws, ye we obeyed; and those for ever engraven on our hearts, those so plainly revealed, the acknowledged laws of GOD, the Creator, the Lord of man—those we despised, against those we rebelled; and (O amazing folly!) without knowing, without wishing to know them. That work of fancy, honour, alone is revered by most men in our station; that alone they make their idol. The true honour of obeying GOD, and being immortal, they know not. Alas, they never concern themselves to know it. We went and did our dreadful work. We had spoken a few unthinking words, (Oh, if GOD punished as we punish, we had been long since condemned,) we had said a few unthinking words, and this must be avenged with blood, with death! While yet we knew nothing higher than *this* life, we loved each other, and we must kill each other! We felt obscure forebodings of what death might be to us, but *this* life must be served. Now we already stood in blood; each sought the other's life; he must do so to save his own. Unhappy

thought for souls that depend on this life only; and far more unhappy, if they know the dreadful consequences of such thoughtlessness.—I fell. Thou didst feel some emotion at the fate of thy friend; but like all thy emotions, it was transitory. Thy soul does ever tear itself from serious thought. Observing that I was not dead, compassion bid thee bring me to the nearest house, and commend me to the care of a surgeon, and then thou didst fly for safety. Chance, as you call it—we call it here the eternal providence of GOD—had led me to a christian woman's house. She was so happy as to serve her GOD in peace and tranquillity, within the limits of her sex, and now her old age was crowned by the saving of a soul. O how I shall thank her, when she comes to us! She sat down by me, and began to talk of eternity; a sound that waked my soul from the sleep in which she had hitherto been sunk; dreadful waking, which awaked her to despair! Now I felt the full weight of my want of thought, the extent of its guilt, and of its punishment. I felt myself condemned. I had lost the power of speech, but still my grief could rage. She saw it, but she ventured not to combat my despair.

She sent to the worthy pastor of the village, a man despised by Aristus. He came—and O, may God reward him!—he led me up to my Redeemer. Long indeed had I still to combat with despair; for he did not make my sin appear light, but he showed me the means of obtaining pardon. I seized it, and was saved, in the last breath of my existence saved, and now I am happy. He has pardoned, the Eternally Merciful! But had I died a few hours sooner, I had now been lost. And what wilt thou be to-morrow, if, this day, thou dost not repent? Behold the hosts are prepared for the contest. The Lord has spoken in his anger, nations shall slay each other. To-morrow the noise of the battle will leave thee no time to collect thy soul. Do it—O do it to-day, if thou regard thy eternal salvation; and let this be thy first repentant resolution, that on thy own account, thou never again wilt slay thy brother. Be great enough, before men and angels, be great enough to say, when another demands thy blood, “No, I will never give it; I dare not; my God forbids; I will not do what God forbids. I will use my life to honour Him, and serve my neighbour.” Fear not that he will take thy life without resistance. If he be base enough to do so, let him

take it. What is the loss of life to an immortal, a redeemed soul? Prepare thyself for death, but seek it not; he cannot rob thee of the joys of heaven. Dost thou fear the loss of temporal advantages? Lose them, and gain eternal ones. Sacrifice thy profession, if thy brethren be mad enough to force thee to it. Degrade thyself in the eyes of the world, and be exalted before GOD. O my Aristus, how trifling appear all worldly advantages, when we stand above the world! One day we shall all be forced to render an account, an account of our unthinking lives, an account that we respected a received opinion more than the clear law of GOD; that we stifled all the feelings of our souls, and madly plunged ourselves in death, of which the dread was not in vain implanted in our nature. O Aristus, repent! Thy redeemed friend intreats thee. Be saved, like him!

LETTER VII.

MY BELOVED CIDLI,*

The hour was come, that hour by thee so dreaded, yet for which thou hadst been so long prepared; the hour was come, that took me from thee—from your world—*for ever*; but how short is the *for ever* of your world! The first violence of thy grief is now assuaged; assuaged by religion alone. So long I waited before I wrote to thee, thou best beloved! How affectionate was thy wish that thou mightest be the deserted one! Now is that wish fulfilled; but hast thou strength for the trial? O pray to GOD, devoutly pray, for strength! Thou art weak, and yet I blame thee not. It is so short a time since I was in the earthly body, that I know full well how hard it is to soar to the higher virtues. This is exalted virtue, to bear the cross as the Almighty wills! I know my Cidli murmurs not; I see thee bear thy cross

* Cidli is the name given to Jairus's daughter in a beautiful episode in the Messiah. By this name Klopstock had been accustomed to distinguish his Meta, in such of his poems as were addressed to her. She wrote this and the following letter on the supposition that her husband was dead, and probably in consequence of a conversation in which she expressed a wish that she might be the survivor.

with resignation; but, my Cidli, thou art too much dejected. The grief, the melancholy that dwell so deeply in thy heart, thou seekest not to restrain, but rather feedest them to the utmost. To weep is now thy comfort, and thou thinkest that thou hast done enough if thou dost weep in silence. But that is not enough. Thou must wipe away thy tears, and tear thyself from solitude. Thou must take an interest in all creation, and in the whole human race. Whilst thou art in the world, the duty of being useful never ceases, and thou canst be useful, my Cidli. Though I am dead, and God no longer gives us the blessing of connubial life, the greatest happiness on earth,—though he has left us childless,—think not that thy connexion with the world has ceased. Go seek out children, seek out friends! Let all whom thou canst teach to love the Eternal, be thy friends, be thy children. I know, my Cidli, that on reading this, thou wilt tear thyself from thy grief; thou who dost so earnestly endeavour to do thy duty; and for this reason I am permitted to use this means indulged to so few. O my Cidli, how I have loved thee! How did my soul hang on thy soul! and how well didst thou deserve it! Such love as ours was pleasing to the Almighty; because

we forgot not Him; because we thanked Him that we had found each other, and worshipped Him together!

O my only love, how often have I seen thee raise thine eyes to Heaven, with all the full devotion of thy heart! How did I then thank God for giving me this soul, so certainly appointed to be blessed! Go, Cidli, teach it to the world; to those who do not believe it possible at once to love and pray, teach that pure love, which itself is virtue, and pleasing to God. But, Cidli, what was this to the love which I now feel? I love thee so, that even in heaven my heart longs for thee. O when thou once art here, with me to worship, to worship here—face to face! A holy awe now seizes me: O Cidli, who can speak of the joys of Heaven? How wilt thou then feel? Thou shalt come to us, my chosen one. Fear not on account of the sins which now disturb thy peace. I will not call them trifling. What we term failings, are, before the Holy One, great crimes. But the love with which He pardons is unspeakable. The angel, who, invisible to thee, brings this, will still watch over thee; he will make thy heart continually more perfect. He was our angel on earth, for we were so united that we had but one angel.

LETTER VIII.

THE ANSWER.

Yes, I will write, though I am ignorant whether thou knowest what I say. How little do we narrowminded creatures know of you! Perhaps the same who brought thy letter, *my* angel, (ah, he once was *ours*!) perhaps he can take this to thee; or at least, can tell thee some of its contents. Perhaps, . . . O how soothing is the thought! . . . perhaps thou thyself mayst still be near me, though invisible, and some day read it. Perhaps thou dost read it now; now as I write! O if thou dost hover round me, thou . . . how shall I now address thee? If thou still dost hover round me, thou blessed one, have pity on me. Thou wilt find me weak; but I will, I will do what thou requirest of me. Thou dost justly require what GOD requires. Alas, I knew that GOD required it, yet I did it not, till awakened by thee! But I will indeed awake. I will tear myself from grief. I will live for the world in which I am; I will do what duty requires; I will no longer sleep. O that my remaining time, time now so blank and dead to me, O that it might be short! Forgive, thou ever merciful,

forgive the hasty wish! Not as I will, but as thou wilt! Wert thou yet with me, my only love, wert thou, in thy earthly body, yet with me to support my weakness! So should every man support the companion of his life, and how amiably didst thou perform this duty! I may remind thee how willingly I followed. To obey thee was my pride. What woman would not have obeyed thee, thou excellent, thou upright man, thou christian! But I have thee now no longer . . . thy encouragement, thy example, thy assistance. I am desolate! My wish is heard; the wish of my tenderness, when in its utmost purity, it rose to the greatest height: thou art gone before me. Till now I knew not what I asked, but even now I thank Him who heard my prayer: I thank Him that thou hast not to suffer what I suffer. . . . Thou didst grieve, yes, my best beloved, amidst the agonies of death, amidst the foretaste of thy bliss, I saw thy grief for thy deserted Cidli. How can I support the thought! Yet never, never can I drive the image from my soul, from before my eyes. Thy closing eye, thy failing voice, thy trembling, cold, and dewy hand, which yet pressed mine when thou couldst speak no more. Now it grew weak the

gentle pressure, O yet I feel it! and now yet weaker; and now . . . it was stiff! I cannot, I cannot support the recollection. But thy last blessing, that shall comfort me, . . . thy parting benediction! "Come quickly after me!" How fervently did I ask it with thee, thou already blessed; and how incessantly do I now repeat the prayer. But thou wert dead; I had thee now no more, and now no more thy body over which I hung continually, when the heavenly soul had left it: now, not even that; I am now alone. How can I support it, I who never could endure the absence of a single day from thee! I have no son whom I might teach to be like his father; no daughter who might weep with her mother! I am alone, and desolate!

O thou, my heavenly friend, if thou still have any influence on me, let it work in me for good, and make me mild, resigned, willing to do what duty requires; let it make me worthy of thy love! Thou whom my soul loves, thou who still lovest me, how shall I now think of thee? How can I raise my feelings to the glory, the purity, that suits a blessed spirit. How great the difference between thee and me! Far greater than on earth; where not the weakness of my sex alone, but thy all-exalted mind, and yet more,

thy all-exalted heart, made the distance so wide between us. But take my weakness on thee, as thou didst on earth; be thou my guide, my guardian angel; thou who with unwearied earnestness didst perform every duty of rectitude and christianity; teach me, help me, to fulfil my duties, and fetch me, O soon fetch me after thee!

O thou ALMIGHTY, send me the soul of my departed friend, or give me, I implore Thee, by some other means, thy grace! Lead me, now I am alone, in thy hand, through the world, to me become so rough, so pathless, and so hard to pass through! I will be easily led. But I intreat Thee, with all resignation, with all submission to thy will, let me soon follow him! Let me soon come to thy blessed, to my beloved, to Thee!

DIALOGUE ON FAME.*

A FRAGMENT.

I once told my Meta, that I thought a dialogue, if written by one or two friends, would appear most natural. We also wished to do this for the sake of leaving a memorial to the last of us who should remain, and to our friends. This unfinished trifle was the consequence of this fancy. I earnestly wish that I could recollect some of her serious conversations with me, so as to write them down; for what a heart had she, and what a quick, and at the same time accurate understanding!

Meta. Do you consider the immortality of fame as a chimera of pride? Or is the attainment of it worthy the endeavours of a sensible upright man.

Klopstock. I consider fame as a means to acquire friends even after our death. How sweet and how suitable is it to a sensible man to have friends, even then.

Meta. Yet many of those who are become

* "That lasting fame and perpetuity of praise, which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind."

Milton's Arcopagitica.

immortal, have ridiculed the endeavour to become so. And besides, how cold, in general, are those friends after death!

Klopstock. Often do people ridicule what they wish and seriously endeavour to obtain; either because they despair of obtaining it, or because they know how much their endeavour is blamed, when its object is too plainly discovered. Their ridicule is therefore not sincere. They are either attempting to conceal their aim from others, or they are unwilling to acknowledge to themselves their secret wish. He who deserves immortality will never be a cold friend to one who is already immortal.

Meta. A few warm friends are better than a great many cold ones. . . . But as to the first part of your answer, I cannot be convinced that all these great men dissembled in this point. They considered glory as something *so little*, that the attainment of even its highest step, immortality, appeared scarcely worthy to be wished.

Klopstock. If they really considered immortality as so little a thing, they certainly never thought of their usefulness; they never considered how much it connects us with posterity. I hold true glory to be as *congenial* to

the simplicity of nature, as I think vanity is *opposite* to it.

Meta. I grant that the desire of true glory is congenial to our nature. I grant, further, that great actions, and good writings, if contemplated and read by the whole world, are useful to a wide extent. But these actions should be performed, these works should be written, without the intention of thereby gaining immortality. The love of fame is too enticing a seducer. It leads us imperceptibly to consider glory not as a means of being useful, but as an end, in itself worthy to be attained; and thus, though our undertakings lose not their usefulness, it robs us of our moral worth, by changing our intention in them.

Klopstock. Usefulness should undoubtedly be the first object in our undertakings. How worthless is the immortality of those who have obtained it without being useful! I do not believe that true glory will ever seduce us to consider her as our chief object. She is always too much connected with our duty, and with usefulness. But if we be useful, why should we not rejoice to gain, at the same time, this pure, this innocent glory?

Meta. I should be too rigid, did I wish to forbid all joy in the prospect of immortal fame, but to indulge it very seldom, and with great moderation, is not too severe advice. It is so easy to mistake the means for the end.

Klopstock. What I have hitherto called the love of glory, is in particular the wish to be loved and valued by posterity, as we wish to be by our contemporaries; or, as I said at first, it is a wish to collect friends. This wish will not easily lead us to any thing but the frequent and varied ideas of the use we may be of to those friends. How many does Young rouse from the slumber of thoughtlessness or indifference! And those who are no longer thoughtless or indifferent, how does he animate their feelings! How raise them to his own! How does he teach them to worship GOD, to be *christians!* And the prospect, the foretaste of all this—shall it not be allowed? Is it not high and heavenly joy?

Mr. KLOPSTOCK, in continuation.

I have frequently debated with myself whether I should attempt to describe my Meta's character. I am bound not only to the public, but to her, to avoid every *appearance* of exaggeration, and how few are there whose hearts will justify them in believing that what I must say is not beyond the truth! To those few, I can with one stroke give a general idea of her character. She was formed to say with Arria, "Pætus, it is not painful." But these are the readers who would wish to know the particular features of such a character. They will find some of them in the following fragments of letters written since our marriage. We had never been separated, except for two months, during which those letters were written. She lived only two months more after my return. Since I write this sketch chiefly to speak of her death, it appears to me essential to make known something of what passed in our minds during a separation which, both to me, and to her, was a preparation for it.

But before I make the extracts, let me be permitted to say a little more of her. . . . About

three years ago she undertook to write my life, and this is her introduction to it.

“ All that concerns Klopstock, and all that he does, is so important in my eyes, that I can no longer resist the wish to preserve in writing what I observe in him, and what to me appears most worthy of observation. I intend to confine myself to what relates to his character, and whatever has any connexion with the Messiah; but loving him as I do, many little trifles which concern our mutual attachment, our marriage, and myself, will naturally intrude. I shall observe no order of time, but shall write what my heart now feels, what I now remark, or what I have long since remarked, and of which I am now reminded.”

She says afterwards, . . . “ As he knows that I delight to hear whatever he composes, he always reads it to me immediately, though it be often only a few verses. He is so far from opinionated, that on this first reading I am to make my criticisms, just as they come into my head.”

How much do I lose in her even in this respect! How perfect was her taste, how exquisitely fine her feelings! She observed every thing, even to the slightest turn of the thought.

I had only to look at her, and could see in her face when even a syllable pleased or displeased her; and when I led her to explain the reason of her remarks, no demonstration could be more true, more accurate, or more appropriate to the subject. But in general this gave us very little trouble, for we understood each other when we had scarcely begun to explain our ideas.

NETA TO KLOPSTOCK.

Hamburg, Aug. 2d, 1758.

Did you go three times the distance to the post, only to see me for *one minute* more? Do not imagine I think this a small matter. It confirms me in my old suspicion, that you have indeed a little *love* for me. If you could see me to-day, I know you would love me dearly. No one could know by my appearance that you had left me. The thought that grief might hurt our child, (for I have too severely felt the few tears which I could not restrain,) that it would displease you, and be ingratitude for our otherwise so great happiness, makes me so resigned that I am almost easy. I cannot indeed banish the thought of you, nor do I wish it; but I can view it in such a light that it does not disturb

me. Our God is with you, and will restore you to the arms of your wife!

August 3.

I am well, and have continued a heroine; though I am obliged to be very watchful against my enemy, who lies in ambush, and shoots like a Hanoverian rifleman. In earnest, when I think I have the utmost command of myself, the thought of you often seizes me so suddenly, that it costs me much trouble to compose myself again. The most trifling circumstances often occasion this.

Now come, Eliza,* and write your certificate. "I hereby certify upon my honour, that Meta Klopstock behaves so well as to astonish me continually. I would not be easy, . . . certainly not, . . . though I had promised my husband a thousand times. I am half angry that *she is* so. It is too much love for a husband to be easy purely out of tenderness for him."

They waked me this morning to give me your letter, and I got the head-ache; but that pain was pleasure. Yesterday evening I had some obscure notion of a letter, but could not imagine how it should come. I never thought of Schonburg; but you thought of it! You could

* Mrs. Klopstock's sister, who was married to Mr. Schmidt.

not help writing; yes, that is natural, for you love me. *I* could not have helped writing neither.

August 4.

I wish the nights were not so dark. I have each night had a strong inclination to rise, and write to beg you would return; but do not suppose that I indulge this thought. . . . Yet if the wind has not changed, you might perhaps arrive on Monday, and see G—, and return on Wednesday. Ah, then I should have you again for that short time!

Yes, my dear Klopstock, GOD will give us what in his wisdom He sees good for us; and if any thing be wanting to our wishes, He will teach us to bear the want.

August 7, my Father's dying day.

Are you really gone? The wind was west this morning, but it is changed again to the east; our GOD be with thee! Believe me I trust in Him alone, and am convinced that the way by which He leads us is the best for us.

August 10.

Where are you now? Still in the ship, I fear, for you have had very unfavourable winds. May God have preserved you from thunder storms! They have been my greatest dread. We have had violent heat, but no thunder. Last night it was very *very* dark. I could not help being anxious about you, but it was not such anxiety as would have been ingratitude for my great happiness; it was tenderness which I can never cease to feel. God be with you, and grant that I may hear from you on Tuesday; but even if it should not be so, I will not be so uneasy as to hurt my health.

I was ready by eight o'clock. Oh, if you had come home! How I wished for you! It is hard, very hard, after having lived with you, to live without you!

August 15.

GOD be praised! I have your letter. O what joy! What shall I feel when I have you again! I know not what I write. I received your letter at table. I could eat no more. The tears started from my eyes, and I went into my own room. I could only thank **GOD** with my tears; but **He** understands our tears!

KLOPSTOCK TO META.

Bernst, Aug. 16.

My Meta, were both the nights so dark? They were indeed, but **GOD** preserved me from all the dangers which you feared. But now you have my letter, and you have already thanked our **GOD** that He has protected me. Let us together thank Him that you and our child are well. I know how you think of me. I know it by my own feelings. It often comes so strongly into my mind that you are with me, that I am ready to press you to my heart. My only love, what will be the joy of meeting! Depend on it, I shall return as soon as possible.

META TO KLOPSTOCK.

August 24.

I am getting through all my letters, all my visits, all my employments, agreeable or disagreeable; that when you come, I may live for you alone.

Yet I will really, in earnest, gladly do without you till moonlight comes, though I tremble in every nerve when I think of seeing you again.

I am, thank God, very well. I have nothing of the illness which I felt during the last week.

FROM KLOPSTOCK.

Copenhagen, Sept. 2.

My beloved Meta, how sweet it is to receive such letters from you! My confidence that God will spare you to me yet remains; though I cannot say that now and then a cloud does not come over it.

There are lighter and heavier hours of trial. These are some of the heaviest. Let us take care, my dear Meta, that we resign ourselves *wholly* to our God. This solemn thought often occupies me. What think you of writing on it to each other, to strengthen us? O how my heart hangs on thine!

TO KLOPSTOCK.

September 7.

I shall indeed be in continual misery, if September passes without your return. I shall be always expecting to be confined, and to die without you. This would destroy all the peace of which I wish to tell you, for, God be praised, I am strong enough to speak of my death. I have omitted it hitherto only on your account; and I am happy that I need no longer refrain from it. Yet let me be as uneasy as I will, do nothing that may hurt your health. I ought not to have told you of my fears; but I find it as impossible in a letter, as when I am with you, to conceal any thing which presses on my heart. I have left no room to tell you of my peace and my courage, but I will do it another time.

KLOPSTOCK TO META.

September 13.

My poor little Meta, your letter yesterday* made me quite miserable. I know not how you could discover from my letter that I should be so long in coming. I feel with you the whole weight of absence; but do not torment yourself with the idea that you may die, and die without me. Neither is at all probable. You will perhaps think that I speak coldly on the subject; but this coldness of reason is necessary to us both, not only that we may not injure ourselves by giving way to gloomy fears, but also that we may be the better able to submit with *perfect resignation* to the will of our God. This perfect resignation is one of the most difficult, and at the same time most consoling duties of christianity. These days of our separation are days of trial, which call on us to recollect that we are *tried*. Even the most innocent and virtuous love should be subservient to the love of God. I have read again my "Ode on the Omnipotence of God," which I am printing in the Northern Spectator, and my ideas of the universal presence of Him who alone deserves our

* Her letter dated Sept. 7.

adoration became very strong. When God gives me grace to pursue these ideas, then, my Meta, I am not far from thee? He surrounds both thee and me. His hand is over us. God is where you are. God is where I am. We depend entirely on Him; much more entirely than is generally supposed. We depend on Him even in all those things which least call our thoughts towards Him. His presence preserves our breath. He has numbered the hairs of our head. My soul is now in a state of sweet composure, though mixed with some degree of sadness. O my wife, whom God has given to me, be not careful—be not careful for the morrow!

META TO KLOPSTOCK.

September 10.

..... You must not think that I mean any thing more than that I am as willing to die as to live, and that I prepare myself for both, for I do not allow myself to look on either as a certainty. Were I to judge from circumstances, there is much more probability of life than death. But I am perfectly resigned to either, God's will be done! I often wonder at the in-

difference I feel on the subject, when I am so happy in this world.* O what is our religion! What must that eternal state be, of which we know so little, while our soul feels so much! More than a life with Klopstock! It does not now appear to me so hard to leave you and our child, and I only fear that I may lose this peace of mind again, though it has already lasted eight months. I well know that all hours are not alike, and particularly *the last*, since death in my situation must be far from an easy death: but let the last hour make no impression on you. You know too well how much the body then presses down the soul.—Let GOD give what he will, I shall still be happy. A longer life with you, or eternal life with Him! But can you as easily part from me, as I from you? You are to remain in this world, in a world without me! You know I have always wished to be the survivor, because I well know it is the hardest to endure; but perhaps it is the will of GOD that you should be left, and perhaps you have most strength.—O think where I am going; and as far as sin-

* She was very grateful for this happiness, but it did not at all diminish her desire of a better world. In the last of her confessions, which she always used to write, she prays, "May God continue to me the readiness which He has given me to exchange life full of happiness for a still happier eternity."

ners can judge of each other, you may be certain that I go there, (the humble hopes of a christian cannot deceive,) and there you will follow me; there shall we be for ever united by love, which assuredly was not made to cease. So also shall we love our child. At first perhaps the sight of the child may add to your distress, but it must afterwards be a great comfort to you to have a child of mine. I would wish it to survive me, though I know that most people would be of a different opinion. Why should I think otherwise? Do I not intrust it to you and to GOD? It is with the sweetest composure that I speak of this, yet I will say no more, for perhaps it may affect you too much, though you have given me leave to speak of it. How I thank you for that kind permission! My heart earnestly wished it, but on your account I would not indulge the wish. I have done. I can write of nothing else. I am perhaps too serious, but it is a seriousness mixed with tears of joy.

September 15.

I hope, yet tremble, for your letter to-day. O take not away my hope! Set off to-morrow. We have had since yesterday the finest weather, and the best north-east wind. You will come exactly with the full moon. O set off! Do not rob me of my hope. Make me not so unhappy. Let this be the last letter. O come!

FROM KLOPSTOCK.

Bernst, September 16.

Your letter to-day, my sweet wife, has very much distressed me.* But before I say any thing of it, I must speak of my journey. This letter has agitated me so much that I cannot answer it to-day. It has made me not serious only, but dejected. May our God do with us according to his will. He is the all-wise, and the all-gracious!

I cannot conceal from you that my absence at this time lies particularly heavy on my heart; yet I must also tell you that there are very bright hours to me, when, though the thought

* Her Letter, dated September 10.

of absence fills my mind, I have strength to reflect with composure that these are the hours of trial, and that it is *here* I must submit. All you say in your letter affects me too much today: otherwise I would gladly speak of it with you. The thought of your death affects me too deeply; that of absence makes me, for the reason I have mentioned, cheerful.—I will tell you how I feel a passage in my favourite 139th Psalm. “If I take the wings of the morning, and remain in the uttermost part of the sea, even there also shall thy hand hold me.” Beyond the uttermost sea, there art thou, my love, and there too is our God, and there does his hand hold thee. It is a very pleasing thought! This I *promise* you, I will not stay one moment from you without absolute necessity; and then when God has given us our child, and when the dear mother and her babe are with me,—I turn giddy when I think of it.—I must conclude. My whole heart is entirely, unspeakably yours.

META TO KLOPSTOCK.

September 18.

Your thoughtlessness could not have played me a worse trick than to send to Soroe the letter in which I hoped for certain information respecting your journey. I know not how I shall feel when I see you again. When I think of it I am agitated as when I think of hearing the first voice of my child! Yesterday I went an airing for four hours, I could go no other way than the road to Lubeck, though I well knew you could not come so soon. It was not possible for me to drive any other way. Adieu till to-morrow. O may the letter to-morrow tell me that you have set off,—that I have written this letter in vain. O my only beloved, come, come, come!

KLOPSTOCK TO META.

Bernst, Sept. 19.

O my Meta! you say "make me not so unhappy, but come."* How much that affects me! But the captain does not sail till Thursday, as he says, and I do not believe he will sail then. He has not yet got lading enough. Let us, yet endure this little time, my only love! My whole soul longs to see you again, but I must not write of this at present; it affects me too much, and I wish to repress this emotion, because I wish to wait with composure and submission for the day of joy. Do the same, my Meta! My hope that God would spare you to me, was yesterday very strong. It became particularly so from the good account of your health. But I scarcely dare indulge this thought, it affects me too powerfully. Our God will order all things according to his wisdom and love. O what true and peaceful happiness lies in that thought, when we give ourselves entirely to it.

I return to you for one moment only to say how much I love you, and how tenderly I intreat you to feel my absence as little as possi-

See her letter, Sept. 15.

ble. Compare the time when I left you, not knowing when I should return;* when I did not return till after so long an absence; and now that I must be only a short time absent from you, that my return is so near at hand, that I am only detained a little time by the captain of the vessel, that we have so much reason to hope that GOD will bless thee with a healthy child, and me with the child and thee! Let us reflect on this happiness, and be grateful to the Giver. This reflection makes me quite cheerful. I press you to my heart, my Meta.

Copenhagen, Sept. 23.

At length; my Meta, I am in town to go on board. I expect every moment to be called. Our GOD will conduct me. O how I love you, and how I rejoice in the thought of our meeting!

Lubeck, Sept. 26.

I shall soon be in your arms, my only love. GOD be praised for my prosperous voyage! How I rejoice that I shall see you at last! My Meta, how shall we thank our GOD for having preserved thee to me, and me to thee!

* In the year 1752.

TO KLÖPSTOCK.

September 26.

I must indulge my fancy, and write you at Lubeck, to Copenhagen no more, . . . now no more. God will be with you. I have prayed for you with my firmest faith. I received your letter just as I was beginning to be quite dejected. I have not time to write much. I should now drive every day to Wandsbeck to meet you, if I had not for some days had a cold in my head and eyes. This will make me not look so cheerful as I should have done if you had arrived last week; but otherwise I am perfectly well.

This was her last letter to me. She died on the 28th of Nov. 1758. I once thought of writing, from what I and my friends in this place can recollect of her last hours, a description of her agonizing, yet happy death; but I could not have gone through with it; at least I should have suffered too much. What have I not already suffered in performing my resolution of supplying this description, by extracts from the letters of my friends! I rejoice that it is thus more than replaced. What do we not owe

to friendship, especially in the great afflictions of life!

I should not satisfy my own feelings, if on this unsought occasion I forbore to mention that besides my old friends, I have here found others, particularly since the death of my wife, who have *really* sympathised in my fate. I have often when I thought I was only with strangers, found myself amongst friends. I have made this pleasing discovery rather from their silence, from a certain manner which I observed in them, than from what was said of my loss. In short, I must say that much friendly treatment makes my residence in the native town of my beloved wife never to be forgotten by me.

LETTERS

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF MRS.
KLOPSTOCK.

FROM ELIZABETH SCHMIDT, THE YOUNGEST SISTER OF
MRS. KLOPSTOCK.

Hamburg, Dec. 4.

YOU have already received the sad account of the death of my beloved sister. She died as she had lived, with firm courage. She took leave of her husband. I prayed with her, and she departed in the gentlest manner. I closed her eyes. I can write no more. Thank God, with me, for the extraordinary strength, which He bestowed upon me in that dreadful hour; it surpassed all my natural powers, as my experience fully convinces me. Thank God also for the strength, peace, and consolation, which He vouchsafes to Klopstock. I trust he will be assisted to surmount this heavy affliction.

FROM HARTMAN RAHN* TO SCHMIDT.

Lubeck, Dec. 4.

The wise adorable Father in heaven has called to himself his virtuous child. O thou great Object of our adoration! grant that we may die the death of this excellent person, . . . a pious, tranquil, holy death! My poor wife is inconsolable, and I must comfort her and myself; but I am not the christian hero that you are. I praise the ALMIGHTY, that He has so powerfully supported you in this dreadful hour. It is your duty to assist me in persuading Klopstock to come to us. Must not every moment passed in Hamburg renew his sufferings and inward anguish? And is not a calm silent anguish, like his, more injurious to the health than that which is louder and more vehement?

* He was married to a sister of Klopstock.

FROM JOHANNA VICTORIA RAHN, KLOPSTOCK'S
SISTER, TO ELIZABETH SCHMIDT.

Lubeck, Dec. 4.

My dear Eliza, how much have you all suffered, and with what constancy have you endured it! May GOD preserve your health! What I have lost, my beloved Eliza, I can find no language to express. I loved her more than if she had been my OWN sister. But it was the will of GOD that thus it should be!

FROM CRAMER* TO KLOPSTOCK.

Copenhagen, Dec. 5.

I am indeed inexpressibly affected by the totally unexpected intelligence, which has cost me and my dearest wife so many tears. What should we be, with all our joys, and all our hopes, if eternity did not console us, and give us an assurance that we shall receive our departed friends again, more glorious and more perfect. Yes, my dear friend, GOD's consolations are the only true consolations. This your glorified Meta, our most beloved friend, felt amidst all her sufferings. This exalted her soul

* Chancellor of the University of Kiel, and chaplain to the king. One of Klopstock's earliest and most highly esteemed friends.

above this world at its entrance into her eternal rest; and this will also wipe all tears from your eyes. I rejoice, though my joy is mingled with sadness, in the mercy which GOD has shown towards you both. May GOD support you under the sense of your affliction, and make you, through his power, an example of that true sensibility, which you so often describe in your poetical compositions as attendant on virtue. You will probably quit Hamburg soon. All your friends wish you to do so. May GOD preserve your health, and console, relieve, and bless you through the power of religion. My wife desires me again to assure you, that she takes the warmest and tenderest part in your sorrows.

Once more, GOD bless you, and restore you to ease, comfort, and joy, with all those who share your affliction.

FROM FUNKE TO KLOPSTOCK.

Copenhagen, Dec. 5.

What can I write? I will not make the past event my subject; for you must know how deeply I sympathize with you. Yet what can my grief be in comparison of yours? O, could I but be at ease on your account, . . . but I am all anxiety. My heart wavers between two objects: sometimes it turns to her who is gone, sometimes to you; but on you it rests, for she is above our care. Could I in the slightest degree alleviate your sorrow, I should in so doing fulfil the wish of an angel. Dearest friend, will you not come to us? Remain not, I entreat you, in a place where every thing around reminds you of that which is already too deeply engraven on your heart. May God give you peace! May He strengthen and bless you!

I wish it were possible that I could render myself in any manner useful to you; for who reveres, who loves, more sincerely than I do, the poet of the Messiah, the christian, the friend, the beloved of our departed angel?

KLOPSTOCK TO CRAMER.

Hamburg, Dec. 5.

This is my Meta's dying day, *and yet I am composed. Can I ascribe this to myself, my Cramer? Certainly not. I sleep very little, at other times I cannot do without sleep; and yet I am not ill, . . . often well. Thanks be to the GOD of comfort for all the favour He has shown me! Thank our GOD, with me, my Cramer.

I will now try to give you a more circumstantial account. Her sufferings continued from Friday till Tuesday afternoon, about four o'clock; but they were the most violent from Monday evening about eight. On Sunday morning I supported first myself, and then her, by repeating that without our Father's will not a hair in her head could fall; and more than once I repeated to her the following lines from my last ode. One time I was so much affected as to be forced to stop at every line. I was to have repeated it all to her, but we were interrupted.

* A week after her death.

" Though unseen by human eye,
 " My Redeemer's hand is nigh;
 " He has pour'd salvation's light
 " Far within the vale of night;
 " There will GOD my steps controul,
 " There his presence bless my soul.
 " LORD, whate'er my sorrows be,
 " Teach me to look up to Thee!"

Some affecting circumstances I must omit; I will tell you them some other time.

When I began to fear for her life, (and I did this sooner than any one else,) I from time to time whispered something in her ear concerning GOD, but so as not to let her perceive my apprehensions. I know little of what I said; only in general I know that I repeated to her how much I was strengthened by the uncommon fortitude graciously vouchsafed to her; and that I now reminded her of that to which we had so often encouraged each other—perfect resignation. When she had already suffered greatly, I said to her with much emotion, "The Most Merciful is with thee." I saw how she felt it. Perhaps she now first guessed that I thought she would die. I saw this in her countenance. I afterwards often told her (as often as I could go into the room, and support the sight of her sufferings) how visibly the

grace of GOD was with her. How could I refrain from speaking of the great comfort of my soul!

I came in just as she had been bled. A light having been brought near on that account, I saw her face clearly for the first time after many hours. Ah, my Cramer, the hue of death was on it! But that GOD who was so mightily with her, supported me too at the sight. She was better after the bleeding but was soon worse again. I was allowed but very little time to take leave of her. I had some hopes that I might return to pray with her. I shall never cease to thank GOD for the grace He gave me at this parting. I said, "I will fulfil my promise, my Meta, and tell you that your life, from extreme weakness, is in danger." You must not expect me to relate every thing to you. I cannot recollect the whole. She heard perfectly, and spoke without the smallest difficulty. I pronounced over the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. "Now the will of Him who inexpressibly supports thee,—his will be done!" "Let him do according to his will," said she; "He will do *well*." She said this in a most expressive tone of joy and confidence. "You have endured like an angel.

God has been with you. He will be with you. His mighty name be praised! The most Merciful will support you! Were I so wretched as not to be a christian, I should now become one." Something of this sort, and yet more, I said to her, in a strong emotion of transport. Eliza says we were both full of joy. . . . "Be my guardian angel, if our God permit." "You have been mine," said she. "Be my guardian angel," repeated I, "if our God permit." "Who would not be so?" said she. I would have hastened away. Eliza said, "Give her your hand once more." I did so, and know not whether I said any thing. I hasted away,—then went into my own room, and prayed. God gave me much strength in prayer; I asked for perfect resignation;—but how was it, my Cramer, that I did not pray for her, which would have been so natural? Probably because she was already heard above all that I could ask or think!

When I was gone out, she again asked Eliza whether it was likely she might die, and whether her death was so near? Once she told her that she felt nothing. Afterwards she felt some pain. She said to Eliza that God had much to forgive in her; but she trusted in her

Redeemer. On another occasion Eliza said to her that God would help her; she answered, "into heaven." As her head sunk on the pillow, she said, with much animation, "It is over!" She then looked tenderly on Eliza, and with yet unfixed eyes listened while she thus prayed. "The blood of JESUS CHRIST cleanse thee from all sin." O sweet words of eternal life! After some expressions of pain in her countenance, it became again perfectly serene,—and thus she died!

I will not complain, my Cramer; I will be thankful that in so severe a trial God has so strengthened me.

At parting she said to me very sweetly, "Thou wilt follow me!" May my end be like thine! O might I now, for one moment, weep on her bosom! For I cannot refrain from tears, nor does God require it of me.

GIESECKE* TO KLOPSTOCK.

Quedlinburg, Dec. 6.

Though I have already frequently taken up the pen, and laid it down again, yet I once more resume it, to assure you, that my H—— and I weep with you, and pray for you. Who amongst all your friends is better qualified to pity you than I am? Who has known her longer, who was better acquainted with her? What a friend have I myself lost in her?

I know but too well what you must suffer. I feel in all its dreadful force this sudden separation from your departed saint, after having been blest for so short a time with her society; and the annihilation of the best, the noblest, and the most rational hopes of happiness on earth. And although I know that this separation will not be for ever, and that your hopes are not all annihilated, yet I tremble for the conflict which you must at present endure. Yours is a heavy trial; but, my dear friend, **GOD**, who lays it upon you, will not leave you without support. **A——** has given me the great pleasure by assurance that **GOD** has already begun to glorify Himself in

* One of Klopstock's academical friends, and much beloved by him.

you; for you have said, "She is not far from me." Indeed to a christian the distance is not great between earth and heaven. May God confirm in you the consolation arising from this important truth! And now, my dear Klopstock, exert all your strength, and consider that you owe an example to your friends, and to your readers. Lament the loss of your Meta, with all the tenderness which she deserves: we lament it with you; but we intreat you not to yield too much to your affliction, reasonable as it is. Consider your important vocation. Consider your friends, your mother, your sisters. Your dear mother will write herself; you may easily imagine what she suffers; but it will be a great relief to her mind, to know that you are not entirely depressed by your affliction.

ELIZABETH SCHMIDT TO GIESECKE.

Hamburg, Dec. 6.

How much pleasure would your letter and your sweet ode* have given me, had I received them at another time. But now, I have scarcely been able to read the ode; it affects me too much. What I feel, *you* may easily imagine. What have I not lost! But I will not—I must not complain. Klopstock forbids me. I have now first learnt the full power of religion. But I will to-day write nothing but a circumstantial account of our beloved friend's last hours. She endured her sufferings with fortitude and resignation seldom equalled. Klopstock, who had determined not to leave her, could not support it. He went out, and came in again all night long. About ten in the morning, from extreme fatigue no doubt, she had some faintings; but they lasted only a short time, and then she came to herself again. She was always patient. She smiled on Klopstock, kissed his hand, and spoke quite cheerfully.

Now the trying scene began. Klopstock went in, and informed his wife that her life was in danger. She answered with perfect composure;

* This gentleman was a much admired lyric poet.

“What our God wills is right!” They took leave of each other; but that I will not describe. Klopstock shall do it himself after a while. When he was gone, I went to the bed, and said, “I will stay with you.” “God bless you for it, my Eliza,” said she, and she looked at me with the calm serene smile of an angel. She then said to me, “Is my death then so near?” “I cannot pronounce that,” I answered. “Yes—my husband has told me all that may happen. I know all.” “I know too that you are prepared for all.” “You will die tranquil and happy.” “Oh, God must then forgive me much; but I think of my Redeemer, in whom I trust.”

At one time she said, “I do not feel much, Eliza; very little.” “O that is well! God will soon help you.” “Yes, *to Heaven*,” said she. Now she was still, but appeared to feel pain. Soon after she laid her head back, and said, “It is over!” and at the same moment her face became so composed, that the change was observable to every one. A moment before it expressed nothing but pain, now nothing but peace. I began to pray, in short exclamations, such as she had taught me, and thus, after a few minutes, she died;—so soft, so still, so calm!

On Monday she was buried, with her son in her arms, in the same grave where three of my children now rest; for you do not yet know that, a week before, I lost my youngest little girl. Think what I, weak as I am, have lived through; but thank God with me, who so supernaturally strengthened me, that I was able, with courage and firmness not my own, to stand by our Meta in her last moments.

God preserve you and those you love! God preserve Klopstock, to whom He now gives such uncommon grace and support. I can write no more. I wish you may be able to read this.

STOCKHAUSEN* TO KLOPSTOCK.

Luneburg, Dec. 9.

Comfort—ah, who can comfort you? From the hand which has smitten you, can you alone expect it; and to a man, who, like you, has been accustomed to make the noblest feelings of religion his employment, I think this is already a source of consolation. May God give it to you in the fullest measure; and pour the balm of heavenly peace into your wounded heart! Offer up all to Him, and you will receive

* Rector of a public school.

all from Him. After this separation, though a short one, from her you love (whom God will restore to you, and restore in glory,) your path must indeed appear more lonely, more rough and tedious; but what is it compared with that eternity, that blissful eternity, to which it leads? When the short dream of life is over, when the dismal phantoms vanish, at the brightness of the everlasting day,

“ Then shall no fate again divide the souls

“ Which, Nature, thou didst for each other form.”†

H. RAHN TO E. SCHMIDT.

Lubeck, Dec. 9.

You must allow me, my dear Eliza, to make some remarks on your letter. That for some hours every day you talk with Klopstock of nothing but Meta, and try to recollect all her last words, looks, and actions, and in doing so are not melancholy, only tranquilly and sweetly sad, (these are your own words,) this I fear is food for his affliction, and food which, though sweet, will rather keep up than allay the emotions which deprive him of necessary rest. That God can wonderfully strengthen and support

† From one of Klopstock's odes.

him,—Ah, my Eliza, how can I doubt? But, my dearest friend, is it the less our duty to use every possible human precaution to cut off all sustenance to his secret grief and pain? I am sure you will pardon me for venturing to name to you things which you know better than I do; because it is often, and particularly in such circumstances, not quite useless to be reminded of what we well know.

One thing more I must say; that I envy you for having been present at the death of our blessed sister. What may not be learnt from every death bed, and what must not you have learnt from such a death! GOD give a blessing to it in your soul, in time, and in eternity!

CRAMER TO KLOPSTÖCK.

Copenhagen, Dec. 12.

I thank you for the letter which I received from you by the last post. How much were we affected by the interesting account which it gave us of the sufferings of our sainted friend, of her fortitude, of the comfort which you afforded her, and of your own noble sensibility! Our tears again flowed. But in the midst of the melancholy interest which we take in your loss,

(might we not rather, in a religious sense, call it gain?) we feel much satisfaction in the proper and christian-like state of your mind. Thus is our GOD, the All-Merciful, ever at our right hand during the most awful trials. May He still continue with you! And we sincerely wish that He may strengthen and console you ever, more and more! In the mean time endeavour, first through gratitude to Him, and next through friendship for us, to take all possible care of your health, which is so precious to us. I must intreat you most earnestly, if it be in your power, to return with L——. I repeat my wish. May GOD strengthen you, comfort you, and give you peace through the power of religion ever, more and more! I am, with the warmest friendship, entirely yours.

E. SCHMIDT TO KLOPSTOCK'S MOTHER.

Hamburg, Dec. 12.

GOD will and must comfort us all. He will comfort and support us with his grace, that we may be able to bear the heavy cross which He has laid on us, according to his will.

Your chief anxiety must now be for your dear son; and I wish you could yourself see him. What a miracle does **GOD** exhibit in him. He presents an example to us all how powerfully **GOD** supports those who are his, even under the most trying circumstances. You will readily believe that we do our utmost to cheer and amuse our dear brother—but you could better imagine it, if you knew how much we all love your son. How I, in particular, respect and love him, I cannot express to you. I loved my blessed sister most tenderly, that is known to all who were acquainted with us; but I now feel that I do not love our Klopstock less than I loved her. You may hence conclude, that from my heart I shall do every thing that can in any degree contribute to soothe his grief. He will probably write to you himself, and tell you, that on account of his health, he does not intend to travel this winter, but will wait till spring.

The night before her death I was alone with her. She suffered much, but with great composure. She talked a good deal to me. O happy hours which God gave me with her, even then though deeply tinged with sorrow! Amongst other things she said, "O Eliza, how should I now feel, if I had not employed the whole nine months in preparing for my death! Now my pains will not suffer me to pray so continually, to think so worthily of God, as I am at other times accustomed, and would now most wish to do."

GIESECKE TO E. SCHMIDT.

Quedlinburg, Dec. 13.

Your letter has anticipated mine. On Wednesday it was not possible for me to write more, after my letter to Klopstock. How much you must have suffered, my dear Eliza! Out of Hamburg there is no one who can be so sensible of that as I am, because I best know how much you loved our departed saint. The loss of her must at any time have been a severe misfortune to you; but to lose her at such a time, and in such a manner! But Klopstock forbids you to murmur,—he who has lost much more, and who can judge of your feelings by his own.

How dear is he to me! How much do I grieve for him as my own friend and yours, so nearly allied to you,—worthy to have possessed his beloved,—worthy to lament her loss—and (yet may it be *late!*) worthy to receive her again in a better world.

I thank you for the circumstantial account which you have given me of our Meta's death, though you have not answered all the questions which I should wish to ask. I thank my dear Klopstock for requesting you to give me this account. Deeply do my H—— and I feel and participate in your loss! On that which we ourselves have sustained I will be silent.

We sympathise with you in the death of your youngest daughter. Three of your children have now passed into eternity; and we shall all follow those who are already departed. May GOD support us with this consolation as often as we shall undergo a separation from those whom we love. Though we are to submit to every calamity ordained by Him, He does not forbid a settled, soft melancholy: such is, I know, the melancholy of Klopstock; such is yours; such ought mine to be also. But even the softest melancholy may become prejudicial to us. Let not this be the case with you and Klopstock.

Encourage him when you shall find a favourable opportunity, to take a journey to Quedlinburg; it will afford great consolation to his mother, who is most anxiously concerned for him, and greatly afflicted on her own account at the loss of such a beloved daughter-in-law, who, as she is continually repeating, was entirely formed for her son. We will mourn with him; and when he shall be able, he shall give me an account of his parting with his beloved. GOD tries him by severe affliction; but he will find him faithful. And consider, my dear Eliza, how you have yourself been supported. I did not imagine you could have survived this event, though I am sensible that GOD gives us the strength which is requisite for us.

Your intelligence is too distressing to admit of my dwelling any longer on the subject at present. It is evident that Klopstock has fully resigned himself to the will of that GOD, who gave to him his Meta, without doubt that he might enjoy her society for a longer time than the short period of four transitory years.

May GOD comfort you, your poor mother, your sister Dimpfel, and all who participate in your sorrows. F—— and G—— assure Klop-

stock of their sincere sympathy. How many excellent people mourn his loss!

MRS. RIEDENGER TO KLOPSTOCK'S MOTHER.

Leipsick, Dec. 15.

You can scarcely imagine how much I was affected by the death of your amiable and virtuous daughter. How great is the loss of a husband in such a wife, and how great that of a whole family in such a sister and friend! I sympathise with you most cordially. But who, without guilt, can murmur against the decrees of an All-wise Providence? God has removed this excellent woman from the world, in order to render her more perfect. Her painful death has been but her passage into that eternal state, in which she is now far happier than we are. Yet we may hope to become sharers in her felicity, and to meet her again, never to be parted more. How much satisfaction does it afford me that I have enjoyed an acquaintance with this heroic woman! But it was not permitted to continue in this world; that happiness is reserved for another!

FUNKE TO KLOPSTOCK.

Copenhagen, Dec. 18.

How kind is my dearest Klopstock in allowing me the melancholy satisfaction of talking to him of his loss! How high a value does it give your friend in his own eyes, to hear that by his letter he has darted a beam of cheerfulness into the soul of Klopstock! You wish, my dear friend, that I may soon write again. How can I, for a single day, delay to fulfil so flattering a request? What is a letter, compared with what I would do for you, if I had the power?

I praise God with you, dearest friend, for the peace He has vouchsafed to your soul. Yet I shall not be quite free from anxiety on your account, till I am assured that your body admits the refreshment of sleep, which it now despises. What shall I say to you? I can write only on one subject to have any claim on your attention, and that is too tender. How shall I so gently touch your wounded soul, as not to give it pain?—I will try. I will take the hint from your own letters. You desire Cramer to tell you his thoughts on the views of God in such an extraordinary trial; and though it never came into my head to suppose I could say any

thing that you did not far more perfectly know and feel, yet I think that meditations of this sort must now be so natural and pleasing to your heart, that I know not how to choose better. Here then are some of my thoughts.

She was ripe for her birth into the life of an angel. Long already had she sought her whole happiness in love, and knowledge, the fountains whence angels draw their bliss. The favour of her heavenly Father, who so soon accounted her worthy of immortality, without first proving her by many years of suffering, has been visibly great towards her. He doubtless saw she was an obedient docile child, that would be willingly led by kindness and love; for how happy was she during the latter years of her life, and almost to the hour of her translation! Her best, her dearest, only friend, her guardian angel on earth, (as her heart, overflowing with the tenderest love, called him even in her last moments,) was all she wished for here. He felt it, and made her happy, and the remembrance of her will be his greatest earthly happiness, as long as he remains behind. In the midst of those blissful days, she passed into the infinitely superior glory of her Father and Redeemer, and her departure is mourned by many excel-

lent friends who loved her, and who now support themselves with the hope of seeing her again. In the hour of dissolution only did she feel the lot of mortality, but praised be the God of mercy! no longer than while the sun a few times ran his daily course; and those short sufferings, in which by her steadfast patience she so willingly and nobly gave the last proof of obedience to her heavenly Father, must have rendered her entrance into the land of bliss the more enchanting.

“ For when the short repose of death is past,
 “ Then transport follows; . . . bliss . . . eternal bliss.”*

In like manner the short separation from her friend will make his re-union with her so much the more delightful. He suffers indeed,—the sad survivor,—but is he not rewarded by the consoling thought, that in some measure he suffers in her stead? Would she have had strength to bear her lot, had it been that of her deserted friend? To sink under the stroke of such a fate, had been in her, who possessed every perfection of the female heart, almost a virtue. . . . But he is a man.

Permit me now, my beloved friend, to make some reflections of another sort. Should you

* Klopstock.

consider some of them as the dreams of an unrestrained imagination, I can only answer that I write them with the wish that they may, not unpleasantly, employ you for a few minutes.

We are both agreed, my dear Klopstock, in thinking that the present life is a gymnasium, where by various exercises and conflicts we are prepared for higher callings, for greater perfection; or, more suitably to my present ideas, I may compare it to the first scenes of a drama, which only propose what is afterwards to be unravelled. But to render the sequel intelligible, I must first give you a slight idea of some singular hypotheses, which indeed I consider only in that light, but which have given rise and form to my present thoughts.

I am inclined from various causes to believe that in a future state the union of souls will still subsist, and will then be of a far more intimate and perfect kind. It must indeed be supposed that very few connexions will continue as they were here formed; for how seldom do souls formed for each other meet!

“ Now in far distant climes their lot is cast,

“ And now long ages roll their course between.”*

* Klopstock's ode to Bodmer.

According to these ideas, those marriages must be considered as the happiest, in which each party, in his proper sphere, has an equal capacity for perfection, and which have laid in this life the foundation of their eternal friendship. How great an influence both these causes must have on their earthly happiness, I leave to yourself to judge; for you best can. In this point of view, you, my excellent friend, must be one of the happiest of men; for was she not, as Cramer justly said, "Klopstock in feminine beauty?" And of this I am certain, that your connexion is one of those few whose duration will be eternal. For this cause you were to meet on earth, and possess each other as long as was needful to lay the deepest foundation for the tenderest and strongest,—for an everlasting friendship. How perfectly have you fulfilled this destiny! But that other views might also be fulfilled, she was to be translated to the world of spirits before her friend. There was to be another soul, sprung from them, on whom the love of both might centre, to augment their happiness. That this also might have its proper perfections, the first embryo alone of its existence was unfolded, and so soon as the tender bud was formed in the maternal bosom, it

was transplanted to a happier climate, and tended by its glorified mother and the angels. Without the aptitude to err and sin, this infant angel, who perhaps is an image of the united virtues of those from whom he sprung, enters into the society and instruction of the perfect. Free from the mortal covering, he learns to know the Godhead with higher powers, and the universe with purer and finer organs. The tender mother perhaps will one day meet you with this darling of her heart. This I confidently hope to hear from you in future, if I be not myself a spectator of the heavenly scene.

All these dreams are, I think at least, agreeable to analogy. All the happiness which creatures derive from each other, arises from their difference in some respects, and their great similarity, or sympathy, in others. If such fictions please us, without appearing true, they at least give an impulse to our thoughts.— And is happiness of merely human creation so delightful? How glorious, then, is that which He, whose thoughts and ways are infinitely above ours, has prepared for them that love Him! bliss which, according to his own gracious expression, has never entered into the heart of man.

I will not venture, dearest friend, to speak of those designs of Providence which regard yourself alone; though they may perhaps be the most important of all. You will think of them much more nobly, you will feel them far more strongly, and the Spirit of God himself will teach them to you. I will only try to consider, for a few minutes, the secondary objects; the effects to be produced through your means on others.

Since I am convinced that the whole spiritual world is connected by certain principles, as universal as attraction in the material world, I must be of opinion that far less important events, that almost every word, perhaps even every thought, has its consequences in the world of spirits; and not for a time only, but in some sense for eternity. At present indeed we can only speak of what is visible.

Since I consider your Messiah less as a master piece of human genius, than as a work for the glory of religion and the propagation of piety and virtue in more than one age, and more than one nation; since I am convinced how great a deed he does, who makes one pious thought alive and active in a human soul; since I know how a single passage in a beauti-

ful book, or in a religious conversation, has often had an influence on me for many days together, (and I shall, to all eternity, thank those to whom I am indebted for the smallest benefit of this sort;) I do not think it an unimportant secondary object of this your trial, if it but give you some new ideas; if it awaken in your mind some great and strong emotions, before unknown to you; if it throw you into that state of happy inspiration, when your thoughts burn within you, and give an impulse to your expressions, which, proceeding from a soul in an uncommon situation, will be the more likely to make their way to the hearts of those who are in similar circumstances; nay, should it only have more distant effects than these on the perfection and extensive utility of your works; and such effects it *must* have.

Among these secondary views, I reckon also the effect which the account of the departure of your now immortal love will produce on all the friends of that angel; and how many virtuous friends she had! The best should sometimes be reminded that they are fallen; that death is a punishment; as they should also be led to feel the infinite value of the redemption by JESUS

CHRIST, which extracts from this punishment its bitterness, and renders it a blessing. The thought of death, as it arises on such an occasion, is astonishingly beneficial. The best have their hours of indolence, but time stays not his course. This life, the seed time, which ends with the moment of death, becomes, by such awakening, more important; we feel more forcibly the exhortation, "let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due time we shall reap." Life seems shorter, death nearer. In a word, all useful knowledge, which often is but theory in our minds, at such a time becomes practice.

You, my dearest friend, have the merit, that all such views are fulfilled in some measure at your expense. I call it a merit, for I know that you will reap the most glorious fruit from it. I again repeat that I do not venture to touch on the ends which regard yourself alone, for on that subject you can best think, and feel, and speak; and yet you will here understand only a small part of them. Beyond the grave the full light shall first beam on you. I know that in the mean time you will adore the dispensations of God. "Thou wilt thank Him with thy song."

Suffer me to hint at one thing more, which to me brings much comfort. Will not her death

be one day less grievous to you? What is there remaining on earth, that in so high a degree possesses your heart? Does Clarissa at any moment appear greater, than when she raises herself above the most dreadful intelligence she could have received, with the thought, "The Almighty will have me depend on no one but Himself."

We are called to high purposes. Human friendships are of little value, if they serve not to kindle in us a desire for immortality; and without doubt they are given us for that end, for when does the soul more ardently long after it, than on the bosom of a friend whom we wish to possess for ever? Certainly no hours of my life have fled more happily than those that I formerly spent in such feelings, with two friends of whom one is now an angel. My whole soul glows with rapture, when I recal the memory of those hours. But I have been deprived of them since I left Saxony. Friendship must be ripened to a perfect sincerity and heart-felt confidence, before it can burst into such blossoms; before it can, by its own native heat, put forth this its most delicious fruit. In such moments we forget ourself and our friend, we see only higher objects. We fly hand in hand to

Heaven, and with undazzled eyes behold the sun. We are never happier in friendship, though at the time we do not seem to feel it. I hoped soon to have enjoyed such scenes again, when half a year ago you quitted us, and I unknowingly took my last leave of the angel who now beholds and enjoys what we still hope for. GOD who sees into infinity has thus decreed!

Will you not, my best loved friend, soon come to us? Be my guide in the journey which is yet before us both. May the Almighty bless the friend of my soul: bless him for ever and ever.*

* As it is presumed that every person who has read this letter must wish to become more acquainted with the writer, I will here insert the account of his character, which is given by Professor Cramer, in his work entitled, "Klopstock, er und über ihn."

"The number of Klopstock's friends was augmented in the year 1756, by two excellent men, who gained his whole heart. One of them was FUNKE, at that time a very young man, whom Gellert recommended to my father as a tutor for me and my brothers. I can never think of him without feeling the tenderest love and gratitude. I have to thank him for the greatest part of what I learned in my youth, and I am indebted to him for much more than knowledge,—for the early formation of my mind to integrity, independence, and equanimity. He always educated me with kindness, and suggested to me every instruction, without forcing it upon me; for his method was natural, simple, and easy. To him I would willingly erect a monument, but it is not requisite: he has erected one to himself, before the public, in several works, not voluminous indeed, but of so much the richer intrinsic value; and in the little circle of his social exertions, by the universal esteem with which he was regarded at Magdeburg,

KLOPSTOCK TO GIESECKE.

Hamburg, Dec. 20.

Eliza and I are sitting opposite to each other, and both writing to you. She is copying my letter to Cramer for you. How I thank you for your last! much real comfort was contained in it. Also for your excellent fragment of a prayer,

where he was the head of a school which his diligence soon increased from the number of forty to more than an hundred.—Happy Magdeburg, to possess such an instructor within its walls! His various talents and acquirements, added to his benevolent, friendly, feeling heart, and quick discernment of character, rendered him acceptable to every one. To a perfect knowledge of the ancient languages, and of classical literature, he united a taste for the beautiful, the sublime, and the useful, of modern times. Except Klopstock and Voss, Germany has perhaps never produced an equally profound and excellent linguist. He perfectly understood both French and English, though he did not speak them; and as he early dedicated himself to theology, that profession induced him to study Hebrew, Arabic, and other Oriental languages. He also made himself acquainted with Danish, whilst he lived with my father. He composed some excellent hymns. He understood music, sung at concerts in Copenhagen, played on the harpsichord, and was well versed in composition. It may easily be imagined how much his love of poetry, and knowledge of languages, recommended him to those great men who have contributed so much to the perfection of our own. In our house, he was not merely a tutor, but on various occasions an adviser and assistant to my father, and a sincere sharer in all his domestic joys, sorrows, and cares; an indispensable member of our family: respected by every one, beloved by all good men, and the confidential friend of Klopstock, Basedow, Schlegel, Rothe, and of all who distinguished themselves in that circle, by knowledge, by wit, by talents for writing, or by the social virtues.”

which gave me much strength. I was greatly affected by the ideas of prayer and acceptance to which it gave rise.

I was already at Altona when this letter arrived, for I went there the evening after my Meta's death, after having seen my dead son; but not my wife; I dreaded too much the return of that image.

I forgot to mention what follows, in my letter to Cramer. Should I in future recollect any thing else, I will write it to you.

Twice or thrice my Meta looked at me, without speaking a word, and then to Heaven, in such a manner that it is utterly impossible for me to describe it. I understood her *perfectly*. I cannot tell you with what a mixture of sorrow, of confidence in GOD, and of certainty that she was dying, she looked from me to Heaven. Never, never,—though often in sorrow and in joy have I looked up with her to Heaven,—never did I see her *so!* The situation of a dying person is so *singular*, it seems to belong neither to this world nor the next. I should have much to repeat, if I could with any degree of accuracy remember what from time to time I whispered to her, though in a very few words; knowing that she understood my meaning. Had

not her sufferings so pierced my soul, I should have been more master of myself, I should have been able to act more on design, and have remembered more. What I said to her from time to time was chiefly stronger feeling of comfort which conquered the feelings of pain.

Eliza has just now for the first time shown me your letter. I could almost quarrel with her for not showing it to me sooner. Your letters, my Giesecke, have peculiar power to console me; there is something refreshing in them. You must *often* write to me.

My Meta left a paper with Eliza, on which, besides some other directions, she had written what she would have on her coffin. It consists of two passages from the eleventh book of the Messiah. The soul of the penitent thief speaks:

“ Was this then death?

“ O soft yet sudden change!—What shall I call thee?

“ No more—no more thy name be death.—And thou,

“ Corruption’s dreaded power, how changed to joy!

“ Sleep then companion of my first existence,

“ Seed sown by GoD, to ripen for the harvest!” /

The soul of the thief continues speaking, while the etherial body forms around it:

“ O what new life I feel!

“ Being of beings, how I rise! Not *one*,

“ A thousand steps I rise! And yet I feel,

“ Advancing still in glory, I shall soar

" Above these thousand steps.—Near and more near,
" (Not in his works alone, these beauteous worlds,)
" I shall behold th' Eternal, face to face!"

I too wished to put something on the coffin,
and I chose the following lines from the second
stanza of my ode:

" Though unseen by human eye,
" My Redeemer's hand is nigh.
" He has pour'd salvation's light
" Far within the vale of night."

BASEDOW TO KLOPSTOCK.

January 13.

I received your letter at Copenhagen; otherwise I should have answered it sooner. Your other letter was sent to me by Cramer. The agreement between them affected me extremely. I should be more surprised at the state of your mind, if I were less sensible of the power of religion. Praise be to Him, who has brought life and immortality to light, that we might not sorrow, as the heathen, which have no hope. You will now rejoice that religion has been the principal object of your diligent study; since by that means it is become more lively and more active in your heart, than it is in that of many a well meaning christian.

Since I read your last letter, I have loved you more than you can perhaps imagine. God will not withdraw his comfort from you; he will still preserve you in life and health. We shall still pass many improving hours together; at least this is my ardent wish.

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w b

et hou

GIESECKE TO KLOPSTOCK.

Quedlinburg, Jan. 28.

I thank you most sincerely for your letter, and for imparting to me that which you wrote to Cramer. They have very much gratified and edified me; and not only confirmed my hope that God will support you, but convinced me, that He can do, and actually does, more than we, with all our confidence in Him, presume to expect. You are right in exhorting your friends to praise Him with you. I am persuaded that He will still further strengthen you.

Keep your promise of communicating to me whatever you may recollect of the last days and hours of your blessed Meta. Accounts of this sort are important to every christian; and how much more when they are, at the same time, accounts of our friends. I see that God can turn all things to good for them that are his; and I must ascribe it to this cause, if my letters have given you any satisfaction. . . . I know not what I wrote.

How shall I rejoice in the spring, if it bring you to us! Then will I weep with you, and weeping praise our God. I have yet much to ask you, and much to say of the bles-

sed princess. There too we have experienced that christians have peculiar comfort. Your angel is now with her. I feel assured that they know each other. Had your Meta gone before her into eternity, she would have rejoiced at the thought of seeing her there, as she did in her last hours, in the hope of meeting others of my glorified friends, of whom we had often spoken.

Dr. YOUNG TO KLOPSTOCK.

Wellwyn, Feb. 4.

. . . . I cannot lay down my pen, without telling you how much my heart sympathises with yours in your very, *very* severe loss. I am but too well qualified to do so, because it is not long since a similar affliction befel me. I say *not long*, although many years have since elapsed. But the wound was so deep, that it appears to me still recent, and it often bleeds, as if I had but yesterday received it. May the ALMIGHTY GOD support you, in his great mercy, with many, many other blessings.

Fatis contraria fata rependens.

COUNTESS BERNSTORFF TO KLOPSTOCK.

March 13.

You have sent me a sheet of letters from the Dead to the Living, without telling me by whom they are written; but I think I can guess. It is not you; it is your wife. I beg you to continue them, for I think them very interesting. I particularly like this sort of letters, when they are so well written as these are.

FROM THE SAME TO KLOPSTOCK.

March 20.

How much am I obliged to you for having complied with my wishes, by sending me the continuation of the letters from the dead. I can but faintly tell you how much I feel in reading them. To how many reflections have they led me! I hope there are many more of them, but there will still be too few for me.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM Dr. YOUNG TO
KLOPSTOCK.*

April 12, 1761.

I thank you for the melancholy, yet pleasing sight of your dear wife's monument. I read in it the christian character of her husband. Its last word was the common salutation of the primitive christians, when they met each other, — *Resurrexit*. Should not our hearts burn within us at the blessed sound? That word carries in it all our hope and joy. We shall soon bury all our other hope and joy, never to rise again. And shall beings that have no end, prize any thing that has? CHRIST is indeed the truth, and the world a lie. Infidels believe it, and are undone.

I love your faith and virtue, I admire your genius, I deplore your loss, I pity your distress, I pray for your prosperity, and shall be ever proud of your commands; being, most cordially,

My dear sir,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

E. YOUNG.

* This letter was written after the publication of Mr. Klopstock's book, but the editor believes that the insertion of it will require no apology.

Mr. KLOPSTOCK, in continuation.

Thus far the letters of my friends.

She is not yet buried in the place where I hope to rest beside her. I intend to have our grave made in some village church-yard by the Elbe. I will choose a beautiful country, for the sake of those who may visit it. With the same view, and not from the vanity of adorning a very simple tomb, I have requested her two sisters each to plant a tree by the side of her grave, and her dearest friend to sow flowers upon it.

On the grave-stone shall be two wheat-sheaves, negligently laid one on the other. Under them,

“Seed sown by God, to ripen for the harvest.”

(In the middle of the grave-stone these words:)

MARGARETTA KLOPSTOCK.

There, where death is not, awaits
Her friend, her beloved, her husband,
Whom she so loves, by whom she is so beloved!
But from hence, from this grave,
Thou, my Klopstock, and I, and our son,
From hence will we rise together.
Worship Him who also died, was buried, and arose!

She was born March 16, 1728:-
Married June 10, 1754: and died Nov. 28, 1758.
Her son sleeps in her arms.

Hamburg, April 10, 1759.

LETTERS

WRITTEN BY KLOPSTOCK TO HIS DEPARTED META.

I HAVE hitherto restrained my wish of writing something which might perhaps be made known to thee before my death; because I feared that my feelings would take too strong hold on me. But now that I have just read over my last letters to thee, I can no longer withstand that wish.—Where shall I begin, my *now* quite heavenly friend? Can it be, that some small part of thy present unspeakable happiness consists in thinking of me? Ah! wretched I was left behind.—I am a sinner, and still on this side of the grave. Yet did the Being of beings permit me to foresee my fate. Of this I am convinced, that it makes a part of thy present happiness to remember, what never can be forgotten by me, the grace that I received at the time when I was forced to take leave of thee. Thou must have seen in my face the joy which God gave me. Dost thou know how I felt, my Meta? Yes, I will still call thee by that sweet

name. My soul was highly exalted. I no more saw death in thy face; I felt not the clammy coldness of thy hand. I cannot fully describe my situation; but this I know, that to a martyr over whom I had seen Heaven open, I should have cried with no other feelings, "Thanksgiving, and worship, and praise, be to the All-wise and the All-merciful!" May this be still my ruling thought, and be that which thou shalt first hear of me; if, indeed, thou canst hear of me before my death. The angels concern themselves with many things relating to us mortals, and perhaps with more than we believe. Or perhaps the first of our friends who goes to Heaven will tell thee what I now write. In this hope I will repeat, Thanksgiving, and worship, and praise, be to the All-wise and the All-merciful! Yes, with this heavenly salutation shall our blessed friend accost thee, in my name, O thou perfected, and highly beloved!

LETTER II.

I was forced to break off; but I will now tell thee something, I cannot repeat it all, of what befel me after I left thee. I had before prayed with much uneasiness and anguish: I could now pray with quite different feelings. I intreated perfect submission; my soul hung on GOD; I was refreshed, I was comforted, and prepared for the stroke that was already so near, —nearer than I thought. I believed that thou wouldst yet live some hours, (this was my *only* hope,) and that according to thy wish, expressed not long before I left thee, I might once more be permitted to pray with thee. But how often are our thoughts not as GOD's thoughts. Thou wert departed! They told me so, but in such a manner that for a moment I believed thee delivered of our child, and heard in the next that thou wast with GOD!—This stroke, which overcame the others, *only* shook me. How was this, thou beloved of my soul? My prayer was heard. I strove to be perfectly resigned; and perhaps thou hadst then for the first time prayed for me in the other world.—I wept not, nor yet was I in that state of extreme emo-

tion in which one cannot weep. I said soon after thy death, "She is not far from me." And thou wast not far from me; we were both in the hand of the Omnipresent. After some time, I wished to see that which, just before, I had called my Meta. They prevented me, and a second stillness came into my soul, as I said to one of our friends, "Then I will forbear. She will arise again!"

The second night came the blessing of thy death, (till then I had considered it only as a trial,) the blessing of such a death in its full power came on me. I passed above an hour in silent rapture. Only once in my life did I ever feel any thing similar, when, in my youth, I thought myself dying. But the moments of my expected departure then were somewhat different. My soul was raised with gratitude and joy, but that sweet stillness was not in it. Thou knowest how alive my feelings were, and how words flowed to me like a torrent. But now the highest degree of peace with which I am acquainted was in my soul. This state began with my recollecting that thy Accomplisher and my Advocate said, "He who loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." It is

impossible to describe all the blessings of this hour. I was never before with such certainty convinced of my salvation. I thank thee, with my whole soul, my heavenly friend! for I have a strong idea that thy prayers obtained for me this great blessing. So, perhaps, at our parting, —ah! the time will come when we shall part no more!—Now, my Meta, do I weep, but thanks be to Him who then enabled me to rejoice.—At our parting perhaps I did not beg in vain, that thou wouldst be my guardian angel; or rather, this our last wish was heard of God!

LETTER III.

How much should I have to write, if I allowed myself to be at all circumstantial in the description of what I now feel for thee; now that I am alone, that I live without thee! How much should I have to tell thee! But I must restrain myself.

I should oftener give way, my Meta, to the melancholy that oppresses me, I should think myself justified in giving way to it, if I had not experienced so much grace, at the time when the stroke of thy death fell on me; if I did not remember it with joy and gratitude. I am obliged to call it to mind to restrain the melancholy which came on even now as I recollected that there are but a few days to thy birth day, which thou didst not outlive. How shall I pass it without her? But I will ask this question no more. Was I not wonderfully supported on the day of thy death?—A little while ago, as I was alone, at the approach of night, I imagined so strongly, I could almost say with such a degree of certainty, that thou wert before me, that I more than once spoke to thee. Oh! if thou wert indeed with me, then I need say nothing more.

Ye inhabitants of Heaven! are ye sometimes around us? Oh, if this is allowed, my Meta has often already been with me! And why should ye not be permitted sometimes to visit us? Are ye not like the angels; and are not the angels sent down to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?* But if thou hast not been allowed to visit me, thou wilt soon, perhaps, hear something of me. I believe that the number is not small of those who are my friends without my knowing them; and whom I should love, if I did know them. Perhaps it may not be long before one of these will die, and then, my Meta, then will he hasten to thee with my heavenly salutation, (may not call it so?) and

* "All the ideas that man can form of the ways of Providence, and of the employments of angels and spirits, must ever fall short of the reality; but still it is right to think of them, and to raise his ideas as high as he can. He glorifies the inhabitant of Heaven, and at the same time gives a proof of human greatness, when he raises the idea of perfection to the highest degree that we are capable of conceiving. What can have a more exalting influence on the earthly life, than in these first days of our existence, to make ourselves conversant with the lives of the blessed, with the happy spirits whose society we shall hereafter enjoy, and with the future glories of the virtuous. By these ideas the mind is prepared and formed to step forth with more confidence on the great theatre of the world. We should accustom ourselves to consider the spirits of Heaven as always around us; observing all our steps, and witnessing our most secret actions. Whoever is become familiar with these ideas, will find the most solitary place peopled with the best society."—*Klopstock*.

with an account of the mercy which I have experienced. How narrow are my thoughts! As if thou couldst not already know by other means what has befallen me since thy death; as if thou didst not much more accurately know the intentions and the consequences of it.—May I fulfil the intentions, which GOD, in this great trial, and in the grace wherewith He supported me, had in view! I beseech, I implore thee, merciful JEHOVAH! let me not quite fall short of them! O what it is to wander still in the wilderness, and never be at home! How dangerous is the temptation to sin!

If by means with which I am unacquainted thou dost know something of me, yet there is probably much which is not important enough to be told thee. I will therefore mention yet a little more of what I wish thee to hear. Certainly not with such sorrow as can in any degree diminish thy present felicity, yet with some soft emotion for my fate, thou feelest now what those letters must be to me, those letters in which thou didst suppose me where thou art now, and thyself yet here. “*From this world, for ever,*”* my Meta.—Yes, it is short, very

* See Page 148.

short, the *for ever* of this world. How soon wast thou taken from me! How suddenly was thy time, with all its happiness, gone for me! But never, never will I complain! Not even that the *for ever* of this world often appears to me far from short. How can I complain? How can I forget the comfort, the gracious refreshment which restored my soul, when my path was the roughest, when the wilderness of my pilgrimage most resembled that shadowy vale which thou didst traverse? Yes, Meta, no heart but such as thine, could, with a tenderness beyond comparison, have wished to outlive thy beloved! Full well I know how often and how earnestly thou hast wished this when thou wert with me, and what I felt at the time! If a human being could merit any thing from GOD, I would say that by this pure tenderness thou hast merited not to be the deserted one, to have thy course so soon accomplished! It is exalted virtue to bear the cross as GOD wills; but how very unequal should I have been to bear it? Thou rememberest how the mighty arm that has led me, had already begun to support me when we talked of thy death, and I always broke off the subject by saying, "As our GOD will!" Thou knowest how cheerful we then were. It

was not then far off, that hour of my torture, and I was to be prepared for it? Thou too wouldst not have been too much cast down. To thee too would have been given strength, more than thou hadst dared to hope. And thankful, (for with gratitude didst thou always receive whatever came from the hand of God,) thankful wouldst thou have been, and have repressed the grief of thy heart. Ah, Meta, dost thou not still love me? love me so that thy heart, though in Heaven, longs for me? How sweet, how inexpressibly sweet is this thought! Yes, thou art for ever mine, thou wert made for me, my now quite heavenly love! O that it would come, the moment of our meeting, that moment full of joy beyond expression; O that it would come! —But, no,—I must not give way to this idea. If I have ever clearly seen how confined we are, even with regard to our favourite pursuits, I mean the pursuit of our individual happiness; if I have ever seen this strongly, it was when, soon after thy death, I sometimes wished that thou mightest in some way make thyself known to me. What wish could be more natural? And what truer happiness could I have wished for myself in this world? yet what wish can be

formed with less hope?—And why is it not fulfilled? Because such a discovery is incompatible with the general happiness of the whole. Thou seest now the whole system of this universal happiness. Would it be disturbed by thy making thyself known to me, in my last moments? O if thou mayest, without a doubt thou wilt! Then wilt thou hover, not invisibly, around me; then—what heaven is in the thought!—then wilt thou appear to my closing eyes? But do I not wish too much? Yes, far too much, if I spoke of reward; but I speak of grace which God through thee might grant me!

LETTER IV.

The idea of thee, when thou wert near death, often appears to me now, much more affecting than it was at the moment I saw thee; at that moment of my great strengthening. I have need of all that is sweet and enchanting in the thought of the resurrection, and of the Almighty Awakener, to free myself from this image. Let him who knows not yet the bliss of the resurrection, who has not tasted its comforts, let him see a friend or a wife die, and he will learn it. Though by this thought I can free myself from this impression, yet I am now glad that I did not see thee dead; however difficult it was to me at the time to forbear. Thou who couldst not endure a single day's absence from me, (Oh, well I know how ill thou couldst endure it!) thou didst contentedly see me leave thee, and didst not send for me to return, though I had promised to pray with thee again. What was this change in thee? Thou wast quite detached from this world. It was the beginning of eternal life! Though I know that thou hast never ceased to love me, yet this thought would be painful to me, had

it not been for the sake of the great Object of our worship, that thou didst tear thyself even from me. But when thou hadst obtained the prize—then, (this I hope to God who gave thee to me) then didst thou think on me again; then didst thou wish, with a peaceful wish of heaven, that I might soon come to thee! The will of God be done, as in heaven, so also on the earth!

LETTER V.

I often think of thy present felicity, but how imperfectly! As we, so short a time since, thought together of the happiness of the other world. Many a time do I figure thee to myself with the blessed one who was thy child; thou happy mother, of whose bliss I have scarcely a distant idea; often do I represent thee to myself, soaring amidst those worlds, a few of which illuminate our nights, and where thou art continually becoming acquainted with new and countless multitudes of their inhabitants. Then how expanded is my soul, and how detached from earth! Thou knowest how I used to be enraptured with the thought of those multitudes of happy beings! How much more now that thou art amongst them! Here I can in some degree follow thee, but when I would trace thee where thou beholdest Him who has redeemed us, Him whom even on earth thou didst so much love,—I lose myself, and my ideas almost totally fail!

The seer of the Apocalypse saw, on Mount Sion, high in heaven, a Lamb, standing covered with wounds of glory, and with precious

blood of salvation! There stood around him an hundred and forty-four thousand redeemed; conspicuous on their foreheads was inscribed the name of the Everlasting Father. As the sea, as the voice of thunder, the harps resounded in the hands of the redeemed. Of the Son they sung, of the Son! For life eternal descended on their souls from the glorious wounds of the Lamb!

I will take leave of thee no more. We are both in the hand of Him who is every where!

ODES.

ALL who have read Klopstock's Odes must be sensible of the difficulty, perhaps I might say the impossibility of giving the English reader a just idea of them. Those which are now offered to the public, are selected from many which Miss SMITH translated, because, from their subjects, they are connected with the preceding letters. For the simple mode of translation which is here adopted, I find the following apology in an unfinished preface by Miss SMITH.

“ I venture to offer a few remarks, to obviate some objections, which I know will be made, to the translations of those odes of Klopstock which appear in this work. It will be said they are rough. I grant it; but let it be remembered that my aim has not been to make finished English odes, but to give to the English reader, as far as lay in my power, an idea of Klopstock's

odes. Klopstock himself is rough;* not because he was ignorant of the power of harmony, for he studied that, and brought the German language to a pitch of excellence it had never before attained; but he is rough, because his subjects in general are such as do not admit of polished versification. They are sublime, wild, often unconnected except by some thin thread of the poet's fancy, which every reader will not catch. The merit of the odes consists in the depth of thought, the conciseness of expression, the loftiness of the ideas; their character throughout is energy and strength. And shall these magnificent poems be tortured into our dull tune of ten syllables, because the English ear is so accustomed to it that it is become a sort of national lullaby? Shall a noble thought be dragged out into weakness, to fill up a drawling line? Shall the expression be totally lost to make a jingle at the end? Klopstock had an aversion to rhyme."

* As I am informed that the truth of this assertion may justly be disputed, I beg leave to observe that Miss Smith was self-taught, and little accustomed to hear the German language either read or spoken, though she understood it remarkably well. Her enthusiastic admiration of Klopstock was not diminished by her supposing him occasionally deficient in what she always considered as by no means essential in the composition of sublime and animated poetry.

To this unfinished sketch I will only add my persuasion, on the authority of good judges, that the few poems which are printed in this volume will be found to convey the sense of the author with an uncommon degree of accuracy, and with much of the strength of the original.

TO EBERT.

A DREAD idea, EBERT! from the cheerful board
 Drives me to deepest gloom;
 In vain thou bid'st me o'er the care-dispelling glass
 To cherish cheerful thoughts;
 I must away, and weep.—Perhaps these soothing tears
 May wash away my woe.
 O soothing tears! by nature wisely were ye given
 To attend on human grief.
 Were it not so,—could man not weep his misery,
 How would he bear it then?
 I must away, and weep,—my agonizing thought
 Yet powerful strives within me.
 EBERT! suppose them now all gone,—the sacred grave
 O'erwhelming all our friends,
 And we two lonely ones,—we only left of all.
 Art thou not speechless, EBERT?
 Looks not thine eye mournful around, then fixes viewless?
 So my sight died away;
 So I too trembled, when this terrific thought
 In thunder struck me first.
 As when a traveller hastening to his home, his wife,
 His manly hopeful son,

His blooming daughter; weeps ev'n now for their embrace,—
 Him thunder overtakes,
 Striking destroys, then turns his form to dust,
 And up in triumph seeks
 Again the lofty clouds of Heaven,—so struck the thought
 My agitated mind:
 My eye was lost in darkness, and my trembling knees
 Unnerved and pow'rless sunk.
 In silent night the vision of the dead pass'd by;—
 I saw our friends all pass;—
 And oh! in silent night I saw the open graves,
 I saw th' immortal host!
 When tender GIESECKE's eye shall smile on me no more,—
 When far from RADICHEN
 Our upright CRAMER pines,—when GARTNER, RABENER's
 No more Socratic speaks,— [tongue
 In the harmonious life of noble-minded GELLERT
 When every string is hush'd,—
 Beyond the grave when open-hearted ROTHE
 Seeks the companions of his joy,—
 When lively SCHLEGEL from a longer exile
 To no friend writes again,—
 When in my dearest SCHMIDT's embrace my eye no more
 Weeps tears of tenderness,—
 When with our fathers HAGEDORN is laid to rest;
 EBERT! what are we then?
 We, dedicate to pain, whom here a mournful fate
 Has left behind them all!—
 Should one of us then die—(my thought leads on
 From shade to deepest gloom)—
 Should one of us then die, and one alone remain,
 And should that one be me;—
 Should she too then have loved me, she who is to love,
 Should she too rest in dust,
 And I remain the only one—remain alone on earth,—
 Wilt thou, immortal mind,
 Thou soul for friendship form'd, behold those empty days;
 And yet retain thy feeling?
 Or wilt thou stupified suppose them nights, and sleep,
 And rest, devoid of thought?
 But shouldst thou then awake to feel thy misery
 Eternal suffering mind!

Call when thou wak'st my lost friend's image from the grave;
 Restore me only that.
 Ye graves, where sleep my friends, abodes of those I love,
 Why lie ye scattered wide?
 Ah! why not side by side placed in a blooming vale,
 Or gathered in a grove?
 O lead the dying son of other days;—I'll go
 With tottering steps, and plant
 On every grave a cypress;—the yet shadeless trees
 For after ages tend;
 At night upon the topmost boughs the heavenly forms
 Of my immortals see,
 -And trembling raise my head to Heav'n, and weep, and die.
 O bury then the dead
 Beside the grave by which he died. Corruption! take,
 Then take my tears and me.
 Cease, sable thought! O cease to thunder in my soul,
 Deep as eternity,
 As judgment fearful, cease. The o'erwhelm'd soul
 No more can grasp the thought.

TO FANNY.

WHEN I am dead, when all those bones are dust,
 When thou, my eye, hast, closing, ceased to weep;
 No more, to where the unknown future dwells,
 In humble expectation to look up;
 When my poetic fame, of youthful tears
 The fruit, and of my love to Thee, Messiah,
 Is also pass'd away; or but by few
 Is in this lower world remember'd still;
 When thou, my FANNY, too, hast long been dead,
 And when thy mild eye's cheerful, placid smile,
 And its expressive look, is also quench'd;
 When, unobserv'd of the ignoble crowd,
 The virtuous deeds of all thy life are done,

More worthy fame than is the poet's song,
 And ah! when one more fortunate than I
 Thou shalt have lov'd, (O leave me yet my pride,)
 More fortunate, but not more virtuous;
 Then will there be a day when I shall rise;
 Then will there be a day when thou wilt rise;
 Then shall no fate again divide the souls
 Which, Nature, thou didst for each other doom.
 Then, with the scale in his uplifted hand,
 When God shall fortune against virtue weigh,
 What's now discordant in the course of things
 Shall then in endless harmony unite.
 Then, as thou standest new-awak'd, will I
 Hasten to thee, nor wait until a seraph
 Shall take my hand, and lead to thee, immortal:
 Then shall thy brother, tenderly by me
 Belov'd, haste with me. Then, with tears of rapture,
 Will I beside thee stand, and call thee Fanny,
 And press thee to my heart. O then, eternity,
 Thou'rt all our own! Ye joys, above the power
 Of song, O come, ye joys unspeakable!
 Unspeakable as now my woe! Till then
 Run on my life! The hour will surely come,
 That calls us to the silent, cypress shade.
 Ye intervening hours, clouded and dark,
 Be dedicate alone to mourning love!

TO BODMER.

HE who directs our fate, disperses oft
 In empty air the purest wish we breathe
 After some golden image of delight,
 And sets a labyrinth where man would walk.
 Deep in the distance of eternity
 Gods sees;—a scene, to us invisible.
 Alas! they find not one the other, they
 Who for each other and for love were made;
 Now in far distant climes their lot is cast,
 And now long ages roll their course between.
 Ne'er did my eye behold thee, Addison,
 Ne'er did my ear learn wisdom from thy lips.
 Nor ever yet did Singer* smile on me,
 She who unites the living and the dead.
 Thee too I never shall behold, thou who
 In after times, when I have long been dead,
 Shalt rise most like me, made for my own heart,
 And thine will pant for me. I shall not see
 How thou employ'st thy little span of life,
 Unless thy guardian angel I become.
 Thus did His sovereign power ordain, who views
 The fathomless abyss of infinite.
 Yet oft, in mercy, doth He bring to pass
 What the poor trembling heart scarce dar'd to hope.
 As from a dream awak'd, we see our bliss,
 Enraptur'd see our fondest wish fulfil'd:
 Such was my joy when Bodmer first I met.

Mrs. Rowe.*

THE RECANTATION.

LONG drown'd in deepest woe, I learnt the pow'r
 Of love; that love which, fled from earth, still deigns
 To visit humble virtue's calm retreat.
 Such as the first of lovers felt, when first,
 All innocence, he view'd the glassy stream;
 He saw the flowers which grac'd th' o'erhanging bank;
 With inexperience'd eye he saw, and smil'd!
 Thus love appear'd to me. Why then, O pain,
 Didst thou seek out thy deepest-wounding shaft,
 With keenest anguish barb'd, to plunge me deep,
 Deep in a night of woe! Years are gone by,
 Long years of pain, since that fell stroke was struck.
 At length, beyond my hope, the night retires;
 'Tis past,—and all my long-lost joys awake;
 Smiling they wake, my long-forgotten joys.
 Are ye indeed return'd, with that sweet peace
 Which blest my soul, when yet my life was happy?
 O how I wonder at my alter'd fate!
 Again I feel myself restor'd to joy.
 Again with rapture beats my grateful heart.
 Can it be pride, or apathy, which works
 This happy change, and heals my wounded soul?
 No—these my soul disdains. What is it then?
 O virtue, gentle virtue, say, dost thou
 Thy humble votary richly thus reward?
 But is it thou alone? or dare I hope
 That from thy guiding hand I shall receive
 The lovely maid who softly smiles on me?
 Fair she appear'd when first in sleep beheld,
 But fairer when before my waking eyes
 She glides along. I strive to speak—' O stay.
 Why dost thou haste-away? 'Tis thee I love.
 Ah! well thou know'st this heart. Too well thou know'st
 How tenderly it loved. Is there a heart
 Which loves like mine? Yes, Cidli, thine alone.
 I taught thee first to love; in seeking thee
 I learnt what true love was. It rais'd my heart
 From earth to heav'n; and now thro' Eden's groves
 With thee it leads me on to endless joy!

THE BAND OF ROSES.

I FOUND her sleeping in the shade,
I bound her with a Band of Roses;
She felt it not, but slumber'd still.

I gaz'd on her;—my life then hung
On her life, with that look, for ever:
I felt it deeply, but I could not speak.

I whisper'd softly, but she did not hear;
I gently shook the Band of Roses;
Then from her slumber she awoke.

She gazed on me;—her life then hung
On my life, with that look, for ever;
And round us was Elysium.

TO CIDLI SLEEPING.

SHE sleeps! O gentle sleep, shed from thy wings,
Balsamic life o'er all her tender frame!
From Eden's pure and peaceful fount
Draw forth some drops of liquid crystal,

And sprinkling them where from her lovely cheek
The rose is fled, restore the glowing tints;
And thou, sweet Peace of Virtue and of Love,
Thou fairest of the graces, with thy wing,

O shade my Cidli! See, she sleeps; how still!
Be silent thou my softest string: thy laurel wreath
Shall fade, if from her slumber thou awake,
With gentlest whisper wake my sleeping love!

To Mr. SCHMIDT.

SLEEP from my eyes is fled, with all its train
 Of airy dreams, for poets only made.
 The hill, the vale is still; o'erspread with dew,
 That silent creeps within the slumbering flowers.
 Friend, all things sleep! My best, my kindest friend,
 In this belov'd, this solemn stillness, Schmidt,
 With strong emotion do I think on thee,
 On thee, though distant far. O that these arms,
 Thou much beloved, could press thee to my heart!
 Thy mournful friend weeps for thy lost embrace,
 Of which our cruel fate deprives me still.
 Behold, how noble souls like brothers love;
 No—brothers love not half so tenderly.
 Yet dost thou, fate, divide those noble souls,
 And pierce with deepest woe the bleeding heart!
 Thus am I left to breathe my secret sighs
 Far from the faithful friend, whose gentle look
 Shall comfort me no more! Thus do I breathe
 My secret sighs, as awful midnight still,
 And what I sigh can reach no human ear.
 Now torturing thought restrains the bursting tear.
 What agonizing image tears my soul!
 Again the form of my lost wife I see,
 She lies before me, and she dies again;
 Again she smiles on me, again she dies.
 Her eyes now close, and comfort me no more;
 No more her mouth divine shall whisper peace,
 That mouth for ever full of God and heaven.
 No more she gently chides the silent tear
 That fearful shrunk from her observing eye.
 She saw the tear, was griev'd, and firmly cry'd,
 "Thou lov'st me, O my friend, and dost thou weep?"
 I check'd the tear, in spite of inward grief,
 Calm and resign'd, I sigh'd not to be heard.
 O who shall now forbid my tears to flow?
 Her voice inspires with fortitude no more!

Still will I strive to check my ceaseless woe,
 That if she now my guardian angel be,
 And view me still, she may not love me less,
 Because I have not strength of mind like hers.
 Now that amongst immortals thou dost dwell,
 If still weak mortals may deserve thy care,
 O if thou love me still, by heavenly rules
 Condemn me not;—I am a man, and mourn.
 Support me, though unseen: thy cheering eye
 Can arm my soul with more than human strength;
 Then will I learn to check my woe, till thou
 In death shalt teach me to be firm like thee!

O never, never can I cease to mourn
 This best of friends! Mourn with me distant times,
 More virtuous times perhaps than ours. I see
 Around her grave, I see ye weeping stand,
 And strew the turf with flow'rs, and midst your tears
 Say to your sighing daughters, "Be like her!"
 O friend of virtue, in thy arms I wish
 To shed these tears, for thou wouldst weep with me!

[To these translations is added an original poem by Miss Smith.]

TO KLOPSTOCK.

BY MISS SMITH.

ACH, sie finden sich nicht, die für einander doch,
 Und zur liebe geschaffen sind
 Jetzo trennet die nacht fernerer Himmel sie
 Jetzo lange jahrhunderte.*

Klopstock.

THUS, blessed Spirit, ran thy deep complaint;
 In all things else, to Heaven's high will resign'd,
 This only seem'd too hard:—and hard indeed
 It is, that time and space should intervene
 To part those souls, by their Creator's hand
 Attun'd to concord;—seeming thus ordain'd

* Alas! they find not one the other,—they
 Who for each other and for love were made;
 Now in far distant climes their lot is cast,
 And now long ages roll their course between.

Ode to Bodmer page 245.

To mingle sounds in heavenly harmony,
 Yet sunder'd now so far, no breeze can waft
 The dying tones of one, to vibrate on
 The other's sympathetic chords.—Nor is
 This all.—Doom'd each to mix with neighbour notes,
 Notes, not perhaps ill-sounding, yet with them
 Jarring in discord insupportable.

This—this indeed is hard. It tempts suspicion
 Of providence eternal, tempts to think
 The great machine of nature is derang'd.

Vain, babbling reason, peace!—Now Klopstock knows,
 He knows, and bids thee sing,—this too is trial!
 For trial were we sent to dwell on earth,
 And what severer could be found than this?
 What *other* is there, to a virtuous mind
 That sees the nothingness of present life,
 The glory of the future,—and with love
 Unmix'd, looks up to Him, the only good?
 Sickness or health, riches or poverty,
 To such a mind are nothing; easy weights,
 If friendship help to bear them;—but to live
 With those whose ev'ry word, and gesture, thrill
 Discordant through our frame; this is severe
 Unceasing trial.—But the more severe
 Th' appointed trial, the louder does it call
 Our courage up, and bid us instant arm
 With Heav'n-ward patience and submission meek;
 Trusting, when time and space shall be no more,
 To meet those souls from which they now divide us.
 If now possessing them, too happy here,
 This earth were Heav'n, and nothing left to wish.
 In mercy, God forbids us here to taste
 A long continuance of such happiness.

There's yet another cause, celestial Klopstock,
 Why souls for friendship form'd can seldom meet.
 They must be cast in nature's finest mould
 Of the sublimer essence of creation;
 And such are scarce;—at intervals sent down,
 As were of old the prophets, to recal
 The baser herd to duty's sacred path,—
 To dress old truths in an attractive garb,—
 To show men “virtue in herself how lovely,”—

To explore the the depths of science,—to unveil
 The mysteries of nature,—and beyond
 The narrow sphere of human ken, to make
 Discoveries which might damp the reasoning pride
 Of dabblers in philosophy, and prove
 That things they cannot understand, exist;—
 That other men have higher faculties,
 And thence might lead them to imagine, *beings*
 Yet higher in the scale of intellect:
Truths which no human mind could ever grasp.

These, to my weak perception, seem some ends
 By providence propos'd in sending down,
 At times, to earth, these high intelligences.
 And those were sure not answer'd, if they came
 At once, or in a cluster on the stage.
 Then other parts of space and time would want
 Their share of lustre;—and to fill the void
 If more of first-rate genius were produc'd,
 This world's affairs would run into confusion,
 Too near, too little to employ such minds.
 And thus, immortal Klopstock, souls like thine
 Of friendship worthy, because capable,
 Can scarce expect to meet their like on earth;
 Since for the general good they come, and not
 Their private happiness;—better attained
 By staying in their native country, heav'n;
 And since this earth would be to them a heav'n,
 If with their equals only they convers'd.

'Tis true *thou* wast, a little while, most blest;
 But 'twas to th' end that thy example, when
 Divine command recall'd the treasure lent,
 Might prove an useful lesson to the world;
 Teaching, more feelingly than precept could,
 Loving as thou didst, to resign like thee!

FINIS.

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